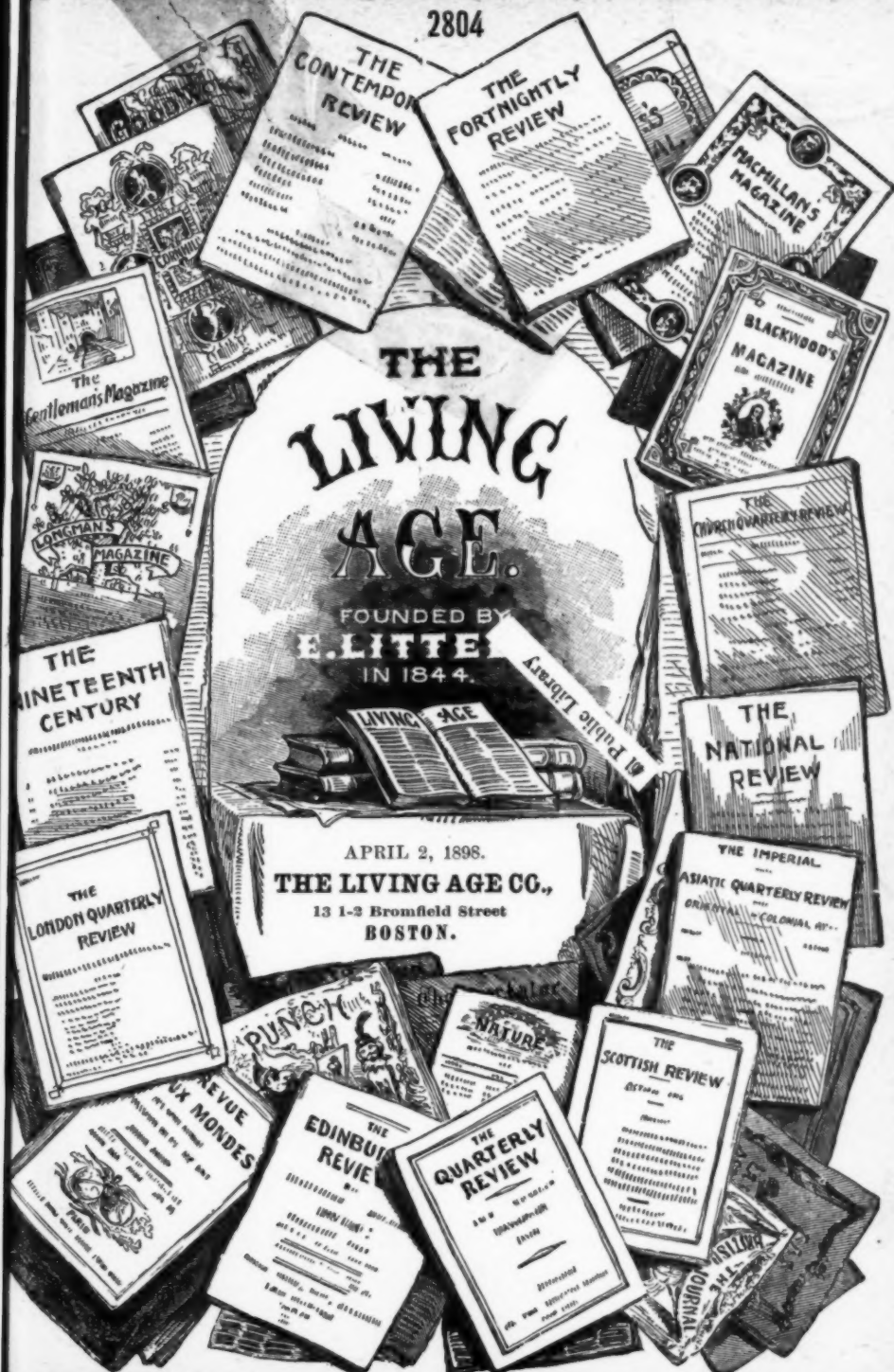


A HUMBLE EXAMPLE: By PAUL BOURGET.

2804



WITH THIS NUMBER

THE LIVING AGE

begins the publication of a series of sketches by
the brilliant French writer

PAUL BOURGET,

translated for its pages by William Marchant.
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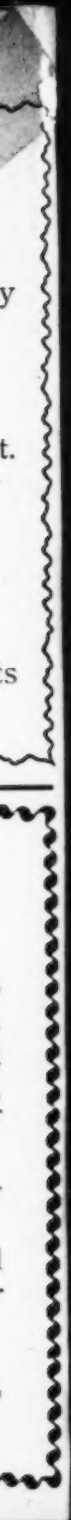
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THE LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series. }
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Vol. CCXVII.

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Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE HILL PASTURE.

In silky balls beside the stream
 The pussy-willows stand,
 Where thick the yellow cowslips gleam
 Upon the reedy land.

And up the hillside, green and steep,
 The lacing dogwood boughs
 In fleeting glimpses show the sheep
 Like blossoms as they browse.

The redbud trees are wrapped in rose,
 The hawthorn throbs and pales,
 And launched by every breeze that blows
 The elm-seeds spread their sails.

They float like shining spangles bright
 Adown the sunny air,
 And cargoes sweet of sheer delight
 Unto my heart they bear.

In happy dreams I watch the flocks,
 While, like a lavish king,
 With golden key the day unlocks
 The treasures of the spring.

EVALEEN STEIN.

LOST MUSIC.

I hear a sound of music,
 But cold are the hands that play,
 And changed the tones they trembling
 stirred
 On a far and wondrous day.

The sound of music rises,
 But strikes on my hungered ear
 Like a passing bell, untimely heard,
 For something that was dear.

The music rises to my heart,
 But falls at the bolted door,
 Like a dead enchanter's stolen word,
 Whose magic works no more.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

THE HERALD FLOWER.

LOVE'S DEPARTED.

Dear souls that will not stay!
 What sight of rapture breaks upon your
 gaze
 That ye must haste away?—
 (Pray! child of sorrow, pray!)

Worn tollers fall'n asleep!

What music drew, and lulled you, that
 your rest
 Should be so calm and deep?—
 (Weep, heart of loneliness, weep!)

Life's flowers we plucked of late
 In sweet spring fields together; now ye're
 gone
 Beyond the cloud-closed gate.
 (Wait, heart of silence, wait!)

Speaker.

E. G.

THE CONQUERORS.

As falcons from their native eyry soar,
 So, tired with weight of their disdainful
 woes,
 Rovers and captains out of Palos rose,
 To daring brutish dreams mad to the core.
 They longed to seize the fabled metal ore
 Which in Cipango's mines to ripeness
 grows,
 And trade-winds willingly inclined their
 prows
 Toward the mysterious occidental shore.

Each eve, athirst for morrow's epic scene,
 The tropic sea with phosphorescent sheen
 Bound all their visions in mirage of gold;

Or from the fore-deck of their white
 carvels,
 They watched amazed on alien skies en-
 scrolled
 Strange stars new risen from ocean's
 glowing wells.

From "Sonnets of José Maria de Hérédia," done
 into English by Edward Robeson Taylor.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Oh, at the eagle's height,
 To lie in the sweet of the sun,
 While veil after veil takes flight,
 And God and the world are one.

Oh, the night on the steep!
 All that his eyes saw dim
 Grows light in the dusky deep,
 And God is alone with him.

A. E.

SKETCHES.

BY PAUL BOURGET.

I.

A HUMBLE EXAMPLE.

Translated for The Living Age by William Marchant.

"And to what influence did you owe your cure?" asked the Marquise de Tillières. "I know it only too well, this fatal attraction of despair," she added in her low, half-veiled voice, fixing her blue eyes on the subtle flame of the wood-fire. The violent affliction of her sudden and tragic widowhood, the melancholy of her solitude, alone with her mother during the two years that had followed her husband's death in the battle of Wissembourg, and other unexpressed griefs, shadowed her beautiful eyes. Then she raised them to Comte Henry de Poyanne, with that pity, respectful, almost timid, by which women know how to invite confidences of such a nature. It is pity which consoles you even before you speak, so delicate that it almost craves your pardon for daring to be sorry for you. There is nothing in the world but you, and the sufferings through which you have passed. Later, when their curiosity and their vanity, or their affection, have ceased, these tender confidantes will relate to any one—to your worst enemy, sometimes—and with a smile, the sad secret whose avowal they have won from you. For the moment they appear to have lived, to have suffered, themselves, for the one sole purpose of better learning the art of consoling you; and if you are in love without having dared to say it—as Henry de Poyanne was with Juliette—where can you find strength to resist this wheedling trick? Certainly the famous orator of the Right had no cause to be suspected of playing at sentiment. He was by no means inclined to confess himself publicly; and his cold reserve was not an assumed thing. His partisans as well as his enemies agreed in recognizing in him a pride of character equal to his mental

ability; and in that Versailles assembly, so given to compromise in the year 1873, he was of those whose austerity impressed all men. And yet he, this severe Puritan, this man whose nature was so deeply religious, who believed that great trials were useful, was about to take part in a parlor game which consists in detailing minutely the deepest secrets of one's heart, in the presence of a tea-tray, a lace lampshade and a screen of old brocade. But the Marquise de Tillières was so beautiful, so blonde, so refined, in her gown of mauve crêpe, with bows of black and white silk! The little parlor, where she was passing the evening *en tête-à-tête* with Henry for the first time, had an aspect of being a friendly shelter, propitious to self-surrender, with the softened light of its shaded lamps. And then, while the luxurious surroundings of soft-colored silks, of complicated *bibelots*, of perfumed flowers, made a sharp contrast, in their effeminate half-tints, with the cruel memories which Juliette sought to evoke, her lover—who was as yet only her friend—knew her, or believed her, so devoted to noble thoughts, so capable of the finest emotions of the soul! And he yielded himself to this delight of thinking aloud, which is all the more potent the more habitually one denies it to himself. Never before had he told, never again would he tell, to any person, the profound feelings which now he willingly confessed to the questioning and charming widow, whom he had known but for four months! Juliette's mother, Mme. de Nançay, who was rather literary in her tastes, and didn't object to a quotation, even of a classic order, might have appropriately made use of the famous line:—

"*Amour, amour, quand tu nous tiens!*"

But this estimable lady had withdrawn to her own room more than an hour before, and this had given time for the comte to recall, one after another, the principal scenes of his life: his sad youth as a motherless boy with his mis-

A Humble Example.

anthropic father; his marriage and his wife's treachery; his unlucky duel with the false friend; then his despairing departure to the Prussian war, his eager search for death, his useless wound before Orleans, his slow convalescence, and his obligatory return to the Château de Poyanne in a remote part of Franche-Comté, in the month of February. There, an immense and irremediable lassitude, moral and physical, had prostrated him, and he had dreamed of burying himself for life in this solitude, amid the general public and private distress and disaster. And he now went on, in reply to the question by which his graceful interlocutrice had invited him to carry further his reminiscences of a past, recent, yet how remote, since but two years separated him from it; and, entering public life in February, 1871, he had made for himself there a place so active, so lofty and so brave!

"To what influence do I owe my cure?" he said. "Ah! it came to me from a very low place, from a very humble example; and those who resuscitated in me the believer in God, the man of action, of energy and of hope, had no idea that they were doing this. They have never since had any such idea. But I know perfectly well that I was at a turning-point in my life on the morning in that gloomy winter from which this reminiscence dates. I had returned to Poyanne but a week before, crushed under the anguish of that fatal war. The physicians had insisted on my returning to my native air. You may well suppose that I had no legislative ambitions at that time. Scarcely did I know the date of the elections. And what interest could these elections have for me? Could they call back to life all those good men who had been slain since July—and to what end? Could they restore to the country her lost glory? And so I had been extremely surprised on receiving that morning from a friend in Besançon a telegram announcing that I had been elected deputy from Doubs, one of the

first to be elected, and without having announced myself as a candidate. It was the wound received at Orleans at the head of my men that gave me the election, and also the old name that I bear. Besides, there was the half-legendary authority which my father had acquired in all Comté. This severe man had been a man of the highest integrity. We never understood each other during his life; he had been more than harsh, he had been cruel to my poor mother; yet I should be most ungrateful if I did not recognize in him the great merit of having shown himself, in these modern days, a true feudal lord, one of those seigneurs, haughty, no doubt, and brutal, but with whom tyranny and a sense of responsibility are mated. And besides, in the miseries of my unfortunate married life, I had found in his Spartan firmness a solid support. It was I who received my adversary's sword-thrust when we met each other. It was my father who died of it—yes, died of grief that he had urged, that he had almost compelled me to that accursed marriage."

"How I should like," Juliette said, "to talk about your father with my old uncle de Nancay, who probably sat with him in the Chamber of Peers at the Restoration!" She thus stopped the comte on the brink of those painful conjugal reminiscences, for his own sake, that he might not give himself pain by recalling them, and for her own. She wished to make him forget that domestic tragedy. It did not please her that Poyanne should too often refer to it. The best of women have their little shades of egotism, when they take the part of sisters of charity caring for the hurt that some other woman has caused their friend.

"Your uncle will tell you what an orator my father was in his thirties," replied Henry. "It is he that these good people of Comté would have had the good sense to elect, had he been there. I remember well, when the despatch came, my renewedly acute sense of the injustice of fate. My

father three times had sought the votes of his compatriots, and three times the prefecture had defeated him, under Louis Philippe, in 1848, and under the Empire. Any government, if wisely organized, would have been hostile to him. This uncompromising monarchist had a too brilliant reputation for eloquence not to be designated in advance as the most dangerous of adversaries; and I, who up to that time had never shown the slightest talent for public speaking—I, who had not even signed a political creed—here were these unjust electors granting me their suffrages, lavishing them upon me, and at what a moment! When all things around us attested the futility of human effort, the general law of failure! My country? I had defended her with my blood—poor I, among so many others. I saw her conquered, and, as it then seemed to me, with a defeat irreparable. My home? I had left it desolate, abandoned by her who should have been its joy and pride; I found it desolate, and, still worse, profaned by foreign occupation. Even this old château of my family, which the Revolution had respected, had been pillaged by the soldiery on their march against the army of the East. Barbarously, uselessly, they had ravaged the library, broken the furniture, slashed the pictures—in a word, destroyed without purpose whatever lay in the way of their savage frenzy. My political friends? They had now, without my knowledge, elected me deputy. But, again, to what end? I knew that M. le Comte de Chambord would never consent to return with the flag of '89, and I knew the country too well to doubt that this was equivalent to saying: 'I will never be king of France.' For myself, I was so exhausted with long weeks in field-hospitals, my wound, scarcely healed, gave me still so much pain—yes, I remember well, I had, on receiving this telegram, one of those attacks of supreme discouragement when all the bitterness of life overflows upon the heart. It is the last stage before that

final lassitude which puts the pistol in one's hand to have done with it all. Certainly I was not thinking of suicide at that time; but the heart to struggle and to make the best of the situation, the old race-spirit which whispers to us to go forward, to fight, never to surrender—how dead it was in me, how little was I the son of my father, the desperately hopeful man, who on his very death-bed still called upon his king! I was in a room that had been specially his own—a very large apartment with a sombre, northern exposure. The high, narrow window, pierced in the thickness of the enormous château walls, looked out upon a snow-covered plain. The thought of the years that this man, so energetic, and so prematurely paralyzed in this energy, had lived there, with his dogs and his collection of royalist lampoons, seemed to grip my heart. This image of my father thus brought to my mind, instead of reviving me, took my last remnant of strength; and, with the penholder that he had been accustomed to use, and his inkstand, and upon a sheet of his paper, I wrote a letter to my friend declining the office which had been so spontaneously offered me. I had a too legitimate excuse in my impaired health, and the letter being signed, the envelope sealed, the address written, I looked around me with a sort of comfort that I had not known for years. Never again would I leave this remote place where I had been born. No. Never again! I made ready to bury myself there, and there was a strange sweetness in this definite abdication of every dream of the future. Instead of the happiness which had failed me, the love which had betrayed me, the family which I had not, the friendship in which I had ceased to have faith, I should have peace. *Implora pace*, that Italian epitaph which Lord Byron so much admired, should be the device of my future existence. In saying adieu—even before I had entered upon it—to that political career which had been, nevertheless, a dream of my youth, was

I not giving a death-blow to my youth, to the man of energy, devoted to ambition, to ideas, to a cause; and leaving alive only the man defeated by life, defeated like my country, like my party—worse still, one who had signed capitulation and who no longer had even a right to bear arms?"

"They are never really true, these abdications?" Mme. de Tillières interrupted, smiling. "You did not send your letter after it was written. You felt thrill within you that talent for oratory you have since shown; and an orator who renounces the platform is like a pretty woman giving up society. There may be one case in a hundred years, merely enough to justify the proverb as to exceptions."

"Well, madame," Henry rejoined, "I was, that morning, that exception, and most honestly. My letter being written I sealed it, and used my father's seal, with cynical desire to associate him to its very end with this moral suicide. Then, as the postman who collects the letters at Poyanne had already passed, and as the February weather was admirable—blue, dry and cold—I resolved to carry the letter myself to the next village. I ordered the gentlest of the horses in my stable to be saddled for me. There were three left, that an old coachman who lived on the place had been able to retain. I was extremely feeble, and I was going out for the first time. I can see myself now, trotting slowly along that fine, grey road, whose scattered trees showed everywhere the traces of a skirmish which had taken place not long before in these mountain gorges. Rifle-balls had torn the bark of the trunks, and had broken the branches, and fragments of shells stood out all black in the crusted snow of the hill-sides. I recognized—ah! how sadly!—the country where I had spent my childhood. But here a house standing a mere shell, there a ruined wall, attested what scenes of terror had been enacted in a region which my memory associated only with pictures of rustic, almost idyllic, life. These sombre

traces were not adapted to revive my flagging energy, and still less, the impressions which were made upon me at a point where two roads crossed, just outside the village. A tragic story of recent occurrence attached itself in my mind to a *détour* which was possible at this point. At a scant hour's distance lay a farm belonging to us, which I had not dared to visit since my return to Poyanne. The farmer and his wife were quite elderly people; I had known them as tenants of this farm when I was a child, and they had been on the place for years before that. These poor people had taken it into their heads, some twenty years earlier, being childless and feeling too much alone, to adopt a boy from the asylum at Besançon. They had brought him up and loved him as their own son, and I—who think I can detect true feelings under whatever falsehoods of word or manner—I have rarely seen a son who loved his father and mother as Bernard—this was the young man's name—loved and respected these Goubots. This son, who was to be the support of their old age, this pride and joy of their charity, I had seen fall, in the first skirmish of my mobiles, shot dead through the breast. It had been my duty to announce this news to my poor tenants in a letter, to which they replied with a few lines, probably dictated to the nearest school-master, for they, themselves, could not write. But the grief expressed in this dictated letter was so overwhelming that, since my return, I had not had the heart to go to see them. Nor had they come to the château, possibly from ignorance of my return, or, perhaps, knowing it but feeling that the sight of me would be more than their grieving hearts could bear. This latter explanation appeared to me the more probable, although the simple firmness of these country people has none of the affectations common to us."

"I knew at Nançay," the marquise said, "an old peasant woman who was like that. After the death of her daughter—who had made her first

communion on the same day with me—she would never see me again, because it brought the daughter too clearly before her mind. The most simple minds have subtleties like these which prove that one does not have to learn how to feel."

"It was on this account," resumed Poyanne, "that I hesitated for a moment, being so near them, about going on to the farm. Then curiosity, and also compassion, and perhaps destiny, triumphed, and I turned my horse into the road leading to their dwelling, although it was a *détour* of over two miles. As I rode on I remembered the visit that Gouhot and his wife had made my father to ask information about the formalities of adoption. I heard once more the rough seigneur saying to the peasant with that sarcasm from which I had so often suffered: 'Adopt a boy, you say? A fine idea. I compliment you on it. What will they give you at the asylum? A son of a bad father and a bad mother, bastard blood that will be true to its strain. At ten, he will plunder your orchard; at fifteen, he will drink your wine; at twenty, he will steal your money; at twenty-five, he will murder you both, and you will have deserved it.' And I remember how the farmer and his wife looked at each other, put out of countenance by this violent attack. And I heard the woman's answer: 'That will be as God will, monsieur le comte; we shall try to bring him up well, and leave the rest to God!' The rest? How well my father had foreseen, in predicting evil! It had come—not in the form expected, but fatal, nevertheless. What a symbol of the vanity of our best efforts, this sad result of a generous act! These two peasants, rejoicing in the idea of filial tenderness in their home—what had they gained, except to offer to unjust fate a place wherein to plunge its knife? For this it was of which they had dreamed, poor peasants that they were—a warm and grateful affection at their solitary hearthstone. They were

rich for people of their station in life, and they had never allowed the boy to become a common laborer in the fields. They had made him almost like the son of a well-to-do townsman; he had had the education which they lacked, and this had been, in a sense, a compensation to them for their laborious destiny, a gratification to that simple romantic feeling which torments plebeian hearts. 'My son shall be able to read and write. He shall know how to speak. He shall not have my hard hands and my bent shoulders.' They feel like this when the heart is fine under the rough exterior. Then a war breaks out, and a cannon-ball, fired by a boy of the same age from some other hamlet, Bavarian or Suabian, ends the family romance in the common grave of the night after a battle. With these thoughts in my mind I came out into the picturesque valley where lay the farm of the Gouhots. How many times I had been there before! How many times I had seen Bernard, in my solitary hunting expeditions, during these twenty years: at first a little boy, playing with the dogs; then a well-grown lad, busy with some little employment; then a youth, reading in the bright September days, seated under an old chestnut tree. The tree was there still, always in the same place! Nothing had changed in the rather wild scenery which surrounded the house. The fields, sad and naked, denuded by the winter frosts, completed the picturesque effect. The leafless trees sparkled with rime, the brook was in icy fetters, and the covert of fir-trees on the hill had caught upon their dark branches great plaques of white snow. It was winter, in its silent desolation, which harmonized so well with my own feelings. There was a plough standing at the edge of a half-tilled field which was destined to be sown with barley. This was a silent announcement that the grief of the dwellers on the farm would not prevent them from beginning anew the labor of the year. Poor old man! Poor serf, so inde-

fatigable at his task! And poor old wife of this rough laborer, also so laborious! To what purpose had they thus labored?"

"If I had been your friend in those days," Mme. de Tillières said tenderly, as the comte remained silent, absorbed in his thoughts, "I should have forbidden you these emotions in the mental crisis through which you were passing!"

"These feelings did me no harm in the end, however," Poyanne resumed. "When I turned my horse into the narrow path which led to the farm-house, and went on at a foot-pace, a dog, which I did not know, ran towards me from the poultry-yard. He barked fiercely, as if forbidding me to cross a threshold where my presence would revive an inconsolable grief. I was not a little surprised to hear immediately a child's voice quiet this barking, calling the animal by his not very original name of Cæsar, and a little girl ran out from behind a hedge, playing with another dog, a little puppy, which she held in her arms. The child might have been seven years old, and her face, more delicate than is usual in country children, showed no trace of sunburn. On the contrary, she had that whiteness of skin that has a sickly look, and tells of bad food, bad air, unwholesome heredity. She was neatly and warmly dressed in simple clothes, but new. When she perceived me at the gate of the enclosure, she blushed violently, shy and intimidated, while the large dog leaped about her with friendly barks; they were inspired by jealousy of the puppy, which the child continued to caress, to conceal her embarrassment. Evidently the watch-dog knew her; she was his friend, and a very intimate friend, too. 'It is some neighbor's child,' I thought, and I said to her: 'Is Father Gouhot in the house, my nice little girl?' After all that I have told you of my impressions, you will understand how great was my surprise on seeing this child run towards

the house, calling out: 'Mamma, a gentleman who wants to see you!' and Mother Gouhot herself appear in the doorway—her broad, wrinkled face as yellow and withered as the apples that were ending their winter in the garret whose window opened just above her grey head. Almost immediately after, the farmer himself appeared on the door-step, with his good, honest face, where the modest simplicity of the worthy man and the shrewd forethought of the farmer were equally legible. Both stood still in the doorway, so visibly confused, so agitated, that their big, knotty hands trembled. At last they came out to where I sat on my horse, and still with this singular timidity: 'Ah! we ought to have come up to the château, monsieur le comte? Monsieur le comte has come back to stay a long time?' And so on, with little, confused sentences, contrasting all the more with the reception I expected from them in that Bernard's name was not even mentioned. The cause of their embarrassment was soon made clear to me, when I had gotten off my horse, and when, having entered the house—after a silence in which I watched them, all three, the farmer and his wife and the child, much surprised at what appeared to be the fact—the old man himself said to me: 'Then you have been told about it, monsieur le comte, and you think we have been very cold-hearted towards *him*?' 'No, indeed,' I said, 'my good Gouhot, no one has told me anything, and I don't understand you at all.' And truly, the tragic scenes through which my people at the château had lately passed were a sufficient explanation of the fact that no one had thought to tell me of the singular event which I was now to learn from those concerned in this moral drama. 'Seeing you come in this way,' he began, still much confused, 'I didn't know but—.' His wife interrupted him here. 'Let me,' she said; and with a firm voice, although she trembled, and looking me full in the face with her honest, loyal eyes, the good woman

continued: 'Monsieur le comte knows how we loved Bernard, and he will understand. . . . Yes, Monsieur Henry.' she went on, calling me by my name, in a sort of appeal to my sympathy, for they loved me, 'when we received your letter we were very unhappy! We wished him so much prosperity, our boy, we were so proud of him!' Her voice broke, and with a corner of her apron she wiped away the tears which ran down her brown cheeks. 'We were so unhappy evenings, after that, as we sat there by the fire, and thought that we should never see him again, and that we should be all alone, in our old age, without any one to care for, without any young creature to love, growing up in our house! At last, one night, when we had been more distressed than usual, Gouhot said to me, after we had been silent for a long time: "Do you remember, when we went to get Bernard, you wanted to take a boy, and I wanted a girl?" I said, "Yes; and if it had been a girl, we should not be sitting here alone, as we are now." "Well!" he said to me, after being silent for a while, "suppose we should take one!" And there she is!' continued the old woman, kneeling down to kiss the child, and directing my attention to her. 'We went to Besançon to get her from the orphan asylum, just as we did the other. That had turned out so well, he was such a good boy! We had her baptized Bernardine, because, to us, she is his sister. You don't suppose, Monsieur Henry, that he is jealous of her, up there, and thinks that we ought not to have done it? I don't say that we could have taken a second boy, but a girl, and such a little darling! I am sure that her brother sees her, and loves her. She has only been here a fortnight, and she is so much at home, already! To bring her from Besançon, we had to go through the German lines. Just think, if they had killed her accidentally, like Lisette's little girl who was killed by a spent ball; and we were anxious about the farm, too. But, fortunately, they went another way. We

did not choose one too young, you see, because we are old people, and I hope to live to see her married, and be a grandmother myself, some day!' The old woman's timidity had disappeared, and she talked on, the two ideas coming up again and again: 'We had a right to do it,' and 'her brother Bernard.' I listened, my eyes fixed upon her face, and reading in it her simple thoughts as they came and went."

"Simple, perhaps," Juliette said, "but very strange. And they must have appeared to you most strange and even revolting, who had seen the poor boy shot dead at your side."

"I did, for a moment, certainly, feel shocked," Poyanne replied, "but this unpleasant feeling was quickly followed—may I venture to tell you?—by a very deep admiration for the courage of these two old people in hoping once more, in beginning anew, so to speak! After I had got on my horse again, and had assured them positively that I did not question their love for the poor boy, as you have called him, I fell into one of those meditations which are dates in a man's life. The vigorous, primitive energy with which these two peasants persisted in founding a family no longer seemed to me, as you have said, strange, or cold-hearted. I recognized, under a form peculiar to the conditions of their obscure lot, one of those proofs of faith in the goodness of life, which sum up and symbolize in themselves the best virtues of the stronger races. They had spent twenty years of their lives in forming a man, in working, in laboring hard for him. Death had snatched him from them, fulfilling in another form the prophecy of evil flung out against their project by the misanthropy of my father. That prophecy they had refused to accept. Nor would they accept the blow which had destroyed the patient work of their twenty years. They were now beginning anew the same work of affection and hope, again to mould a human soul, to work for another than themselves, to tend

and train another human plant, to see it thrive and grow, as the woman had said—doubtless with a thought of the growth of trees and plants. Can you believe it? Before the sturdy simplicity of this devotion, the modest pride of this unconquerable will, this genuine courage—I felt a sudden shame at my own weakness. It was the sudden, irresistible reaction of the soldier who is running away, who sees his comrades go forward bravely to meet the foe, who stops, who says to himself, 'Coward!' and turns back to join in the assault. I had mechanically, amid these reflections, followed the road leading to the village post-office where I was to deposit my letter. When I reached the place, I took the letter in my hand; then, suddenly, I tore it into fragments. My father appeared before my thoughts with his stern face, severe for other men's illusions, it is true, but never, himself, giving way, as I had been about to do. I, too, resolved to live and to act. This renewal of existence, whose principle the poor Gouhots had sought in devotion to a second adopted child—was it not within reach for me in a devotion to my country, suffering and wounded, now that an occasion was offered me, so noble, so extensive, so unlooked-for? A week later I was at Bordeaux and began my duties. I was cured."

"The poor dead have some rights, however!" Mme. de Tillières said, her eyes fixed on vacancy; and both remained a long time silent, as will happen sometimes when words have been said which imply a thousand things unexpressed. All the future of Henry de Poyanne's love depended on the young widow's meaning in these words. A more worldly-minded man would not have failed to answer—would have ventured a protest, ending in an avowal. Poyanne, on his part, was instantly tortured with shame lest his friend might imagine an allusion to his own hopes of love, in this story which he had related in the most simple confidence; and as she became conscious of this agitation

on his part, and understood its delicacy, Juliette felt it to the bottom of her heart.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE CRIES OF PARIS.

Some six-and-forty years ago a quiet corner of provincial France was startled by a series of disastrous fires. House after house was burnt to the ground, evidently by the hand of a wanton incendiary, and the tongues of the gossips wagged with a more than common energy. Under the trees of the mall and in the crowded *café* there was but one topic discussed—the infamous crime which had brought disgrace upon the province, and dissipated the economies of many a thrifty citizen. The factions, into which every country town is divided, forgot their ancient quarrels; the citizens, republican or imperial, lost interest in the *Coup d'Etat*, which had recently astonished France; and there was none, save the guilty, who did not believe that the national safety depended upon the instant punishment of the malefactors. But the surprise was increased tenfold when suspicion was furtively attached to the mayor, a man of conspicuous honesty and sound republican principles. Amid the greatest excitement he was tried, and found guilty on the unsupported testimony of an informer, who swore that he had caught him at his grisly work. Moreover, asked his enemies, is it not notorious that he is hostile to the government of Louis Napoleon? Has he not been heard to denounce the august emperor of France? The chain of proof lacked many a link; but the magistrates, anxious to do their master's bidding, did not test its strength, and the mayor was condemned to end his days in Cayenne. Yet no sooner had the good mayor set out upon his voyage than the fires broke out again. The work was evidently accomplished

by the same skilful hand; and this time the secrecy of the operations baffled even the informer. One thing only was certain: the burnt houses were bought up at a trivial price by the new mayor, the lifelong rival and enemy of his predecessor. The hand which held the fire-brand still worked in the dark, but the purchaser of the ruined property was known to all the province. At last the government resolved upon a second prosecution. The wicked mayor, in his turn, was brought to the bar of justice, and, that local animosity should be assuaged, a magistrate was sent from Paris to try the case. It was not deemed prudent, however, to reconsider the ancient offence, and the magistrate received formal instructions to examine only the second series of fires. But in the court the wicked mayor was seized with remorse, and asked leave to confess that he, with his accomplice, the informer, was guilty of all the wrongdoing. The early fires were designed to ruin his rival, the later to fill his own pocket. In vain he protested. The magistrate was determined to throw no discredit upon the law, and declined with the utmost dignity to revise a sentence already pronounced. The wicked mayor made a final attempt to render what poor reparation he could, and, meeting with a final refusal, he hanged himself in his cell. The good mayor, meanwhile, was a prisoner in Cayenne, and though his innocence was demonstrated to all the world, a prisoner he remained until his death. Relieved by the governor's indulgence from the worst rigors of imprisonment, he spent his life cultivating, not his own garden, as *Candide* recommended, but the garden of his jailer. And he died a miserable victim to the inviolability of the law. But France was saved from dishonor; *la chose jugée* had not been disturbed!

La chose jugée! It is in the name of this superstition that men have broken each other's hearts in Paris, and slaughtered the Jews of Algiers. The case has been tried, the sentence has

been pronounced; and justice being infallible, it is treason against the State to question the least of her decisions. Journalists, officers and judges bow their heads before the idol of the law; and, in sheer forgetfulness of the unhappy mayor whose posthumous character was publicly vindicated three months ago, persist in proclaiming their undying faith in the new fetiche. Deliberately pronounced by the lips of a minister, the phrase *la chose jugée* is certain of enthusiastic applause; dropped into a leading article, it is greeted by the well-thinking citizen with a smile of pleasure; while the mob-orator deems it a brief symbol for liberty, fraternity and equality. As Mr. Taper said long ago, there is nothing like a cry; and this particular cry, for all its academic sound, has done far more than inflame the minds of men—it has strengthened their arms also, and has driven Paris to the very verge of revolution.

In fact, the case of Captain Dreyfus, which has already eclipsed the scandals of Panama, has unmasked more hypocrisies and evoked more cries than any incident which ever disturbed a nation's peace. And the cry which has been loudest throughout the present agitation is least justified by circumstances. But it is the true character of cries to be inapposite, and none was ever less effective, because it expressed neither sense nor reason. Now, despite the theory of *la chose jugée*, the Dreyfus case has never been tried; it has been tried three times; and a dozen other judges will be called upon to decide it. The bull is only apparent, and the briefest retrospect will show that the decision of the court-martial was no decision at all. When, in October, 1894, the world first heard of Captain Dreyfus and his monstrous treachery, the French government was on the verge of disaster. General Mercier, the minister of war, was even weaker than his colleagues; and had Captain Dreyfus been acquitted at his trial, a resignation would have been inevitable. For not

only had all the journals of France denounced the man, as yet untried, for many weeks, but General Mercier had already proclaimed the culprit's guilt in the Chamber. So that, the chief of the army having spoken, the captain's acquittal was impossible. Moreover, it is certain, if anything be certain in this mysterious process, that between the trial and the sentence, the minds of the judges were fortified by a document which neither the prisoner nor his advocate had ever seen. But the government had attained its end, and the public demand was satisfied by the condemnation of Dreyfus. The ministry, so soon to fall, seemed for a moment to have recovered its prestige; the anti-Semites and the Catholics were appeased by the sacrifice of an Alsatian Jew; and the Chauvinists felt assured that the secrets of France were in safe keeping. True, one or two dissentient voices were raised; the *Figaro* confessed that a wrong had been done to the fatherland, not by Dreyfus, but by his trial; and, as the new creed of guilt had not yet been formulated, the captain's crime was not universally accepted as certain. In brief, there were rumors that the thing was still unjudged, and that Captain Dreyfus, whether he be a traitor or no, was then, as he is now, a legally injured man. But the world does not trouble itself with retrospects, and is prepared to-day, as it will be prepared to-morrow, to shout for the death of traitors and the sanctity of the thing judged.

The thing, then, was not judged in 1894: in 1898, for good or for evil, it will be judged a dozen times. By whatever name you call it—the affair Esterhazy, the affair Picquart, the affair Zola—it is Alfred Dreyfus who is being tried, Alfred Dreyfus and none other. The government, conscious of its own weakness, is unable to grant revision or to prohibit argument. Therefore it re-tries the ancient case, and declares that the name Dreyfus may never be pronounced. There is a word, harmless and insignificant—as a

matter of fact it is *corde*—which may not be spoken on the stage of the *Théâtre français*. It is known to the actors as the *mot fatal*, and should an indiscreet author introduce it into his work, the text must be changed, or a heavy fine be paid by the actor. So, in the unnumbered processes which disturb the tranquillity of France, there is a *mot fatal* which may not be pronounced, and the word is Dreyfus. Now and again the witnesses forget their duty, the judge is unmindful of his instructions, and the word escapes. But amid sardonic laughter the witness is called to order, and the game of cross-questions and crooked answers still continues. Now, when M. Mathieu Dreyfus accused the Commandant Esterhazy with the authorship of the covering-letter which condemned his brother, revision seemed imminent. To disengage the two cases baffles the common subtlety. If A is condemned for writing a certain document, which is afterwards proved to be the handiwork of B, it seems to follow that the guilt of B involves the innocence of A. It does nothing of the kind, for then there are steps in the superstition of the thing judged; and it is a clear matter of principle that the same document may be written by two different hands. Thus the story of the good and the wicked mayor repeats itself. A government which will not for an instant consent to revision will try an officer for composing a document for which another has already suffered, and proclaims aloud that it is possible to disassociate the two. So that, supposing for an instant the Commandant Esterhazy had been condemned, Captain Dreyfus would not have been released; he would merely have shared his retreat upon the Devil's Isle with a colleague.

But for all the casuistry of the war office, the sacred principle of the thing judged has been violated. One and the same crime cannot be committed by two, three or four persons who are not accomplices, but independent criminals.

The universal sense of humor will not permit so monstrous a confusion; and despite the ingenuity of judges and courts-martial, every one in France really understands that the guilt of the one means the innocence of the other. But no sooner was the Commandant Esterhazy publicly accused of Dreyfus's crime than the charge of treachery assumed a trivial shape. True it is that the old questions were put once more; true it is that still another set of experts was asked to darken counsel by examining again the famous *borderceau*. Yet while the violation of the sacred principle was never admitted, every one might foresee the end of the second inquiry. Dreyfus was tried in order to be condemned; Esterhazy was tried in order to be acquitted. Thus, indeed, were the intentions of the people declared; for it is the supreme irony of this comedy (or tragedy) of contradictions that, despite closed doors and professional secrecy, the journals, by discovering the remotest details of debate and by reproducing the most private documents, have kept alive the people's interest. Now, from the first Captain Dreyfus appeared an unsympathetic figure. The mob did not ask to be assured of his guilt; it trembled at the mere charge of treason, and even before the trial demanded the penalty of death. By one of those wilful impulses which sway the crowd, Paris spent herself in virtuous denunciation of the man who for the moment represented the idea of treachery. On the other hand, Esterhazy was followed from the outset by the sympathetic applause of the mob. Though he too was charged with betraying his country, he represented nothing else to the people than a man who had sown his wild oats and was none the worse for it. To Dreyfus's discredit no incident had been revealed; there was not a single man in France who had not heard a hundred anecdotes concerning Esterhazy, which, connected with another, would have let loose a hurricane of indignation. Letters were published in

which the commandant avowed his hatred of France, his contempt of the army; he even prayed that he might die a Uhlan sabring the French (this letter has been declared spurious, on the ground that Esterhazy was in the habit of spelling Uhlan with an H—thus Hulan: it is now the subject of a judicial inquiry); but nothing availed to shake the public enthusiasm. As he went from one newspaper to another he was cheered like a hero returning from a victorious campaign. What mattered it that he hated France, and was charged with treason? Was he not driving another nail into Dreyfus's coffin? And did he not, therefore, deserve well of his country? The opinion of the people was echoed by the commandant's superiors, and the accused was treated with a thoughtful courtesy. When Captain Dreyfus was charged, he was hustled straightway into prison; he was implored to shoot himself; the hospitality of the condemned cell was demanded for him; and finally the officer to whose charge he was committed expressed a desire to turn an electric light suddenly upon the "culprit's" face, that he might unconsciously reveal his villainy. His slightest movements were assumed the plainest evidence of crime, and his accusers were daunted by no contradiction. The *borderceau* was in his handwriting—he was obviously guilty: the *borderceau* was not in his handwriting—of course not; no traitor would be such a fool as not to make some disguise. When asked to copy at dictation the proof of his sin, he showed no emotion; and it has been observed that cold-blooded monsters have perfect command of themselves. On the other hand, he trembled at the charge, and thus made his treason plain to all. To the Commandant Esterhazy no affront was offered. Though he confessed himself that the covering-letter was in his own handwriting, he was never for an hour under arrest. For him there was no talk of the condemned cell; he was proclaimed the victim of a con-

spiracy; and the inquiry into his conduct was presently converted into a formal accusation against the officer who had suspected him. Ladies, deeply veiled, met him in discreet corners of Paris, and gave him documents which were stolen from the war office. His superiors wrote eulogies of his character, which were instantly confided to the public press; and had it not been for the harassing suspicion, he might have enjoyed a conspicuous triumph. Yet the affair Dreyfus and the affair Esterhazy were in their inception one and the same. Whether either be guilty, or both, is still uncertain. The revision which may come with a change of government will perhaps demonstrate the innocence of the one or the other. Meantime Captain Dreyfus lingers in the Devil's Isle, and the Commandant Esterhazy is greeted with shouts of "Long live the army!" as the incarnation of the martial spirit.

Thus the case has been judged twice—imperfectly; and with the case of M. Zola began the third imperfect trial. Again the cry was raised of *la chose jugée*; but this time it was raised with a difference. M. Zola, that he might illumine the dark places, involved the whole system of military justice in a common charge. Two separate courts-martial had given their judgment upon two separate cases, and M. Zola impugned them both. The minister of war selected the discreetest paragraph whereon to base his charge of libel; and when the novelist was put into the dock, the judge appointed to try the case insisted that Captain Dreyfus, being judged, must never be mentioned. The affair Esterhazy, on the other hand, for all its decision, might be freely and openly discussed, and for many a day the advisers of M. Zola appealed in vain against the inconsistency. The principle, in truth, was rudely shaken by the public exposure of a finished trial; but the cry lost nothing of its force or acerbity, because the court held that no one had been really judged save Alfred Dreyfus. Nor did the

court succeed in suppressing the noxious debate. Though all the officers, save Colonel Picquart, proved themselves models of reticence, advocates and deputies declared their opinion, heedless of the judge's veto; and in the end nothing is certain, save that Captain Dreyfus and Colonel Picquart, and not M. Zola, were tried in the Assize Court.

For it is a characteristic of this amazing scandal that the issue is ever shifting, and it was with perfect gravity that the judge declared that there was no such thing as the affair Zola. In fact, while the Devil's Isle was always in the background, Colonel Picquart has been the co-defendant for two years past. Now Colonel Picquart, in defiance of Barras's maxim, has been guilty of zeal. In the discharge of his duties at the war office, he discovered reason to suspect Commandant Esterhazy, and, not being dominated by the common phrase, he believed that justice had for once miscarried. Wherefore he prosecuted his researches with an energy that troubled his superiors, and finally drove him into Africa and disgrace. And to-day the mob, which acclaims in Esterhazy valor made concrete, follows Colonel Picquart with insult as the enemy of the army.

Thus we arrive at the second cry which governs Paris, and seems to atone for the wildest excesses. *Vive l'Armée!* is shouted in every corner, and if only it were the genuine expression of patriotism, there is no friend of France who would not echo it. But, alas! it means at once too little and too much for sincerity. In one aspect, it is but a different version of that other call—*la chose jugée*. In another aspect, it is no more than an insult hurled at the Jews. But as it is screamed in the precincts of the law courts, it is never a single-minded expression of admiration. A fortnight ago it was as yet unheard: the loafers of Paris, to whom a battle-cry is an imperious necessity, were content to shout themselves hoarse with cursing Zola. Processions

were formed in every quarter with the sole object of expressing the universal hatred cherished against the novelist. To-day the novelist is more unpopular than ever, the Jews are an object of an even bitterer hatred, and *Vive l'Armée!* is a convenient symbol which expresses in two words all the displeasure of the crowd. Yet how inapposite it is the smallest reflection will demonstrate. The irresponsible citizens who shout in the streets desire nothing less than to clear the army, which they applaud, from a damaging scandal. They prefer the Commandant Esterhazy to Colonel Picquart, and they choose their own method of expressing their preference. Though the colonel is among the most distinguished officers of France, they hold themselves free to denounce him in cheering his profession. Some years since, when General Boulanger was their hero, they cried *Revision!* and cared not what discredit they threw upon the army. To-day they have changed this cry, and still express in other terms the ancient need of a strong ruler. In brief, the mob of Paris loves nothing so much as a hand of iron, and its discontent, though varied in expression, is always the same. Nevertheless, it is interesting to observe the variations of the popular temper, and to note that you may depend upon nothing save clamor and unreason.

A bas Zola! A bas Zola! growled in an angry guttural, is a more particular form of *Vive l'Armée!* And this call, at least, is easily intelligible. Between Colonel Picquart and M. Zola there is an essential difference. The one, in the secrecy of his office, did no more than a simple duty. M. Zola attacked the government with the fierce rhetoric of a gifted yet irresponsible citizen. Maybe he claims the democratic right of expressing his opinion; but he has revealed the worst danger that can ever assail a free republic. How, indeed, shall an elected chamber govern, if its policy may be openly criticised by the first man of genius who differs from it? It is a politician's business to rule his

country; it is a novelist's to create literature; and no man may step outside his vocation without realizing the gravity of his conduct. But M. Zola is as guiltless of frivolity as of cowardice; before he composed his famous accusation, he not only weighed the facts, but acknowledged the consequences. Inspired only by an honorable desire for justice, he did his utmost to force the government's hand, without thought of his own safety; and, though he has created a dangerous precedent, there is no man in France who less deserves the raucous abuse which assails him on every side. Yet, none the less, since the mob has decreed that Captain Dreyfus is guilty, M. Zola must bear with courage and patience more than his share of insult and contumely.

Another popular variation of *Vive l'Armée!* is *A bas les Juifs!* again the loud expression of an old contempt. And this contempt is really the chief element of strife. Had Captain Dreyfus not been a Jew, his case would have been revised long since, despite the fear of General Mercier and the reluctance of the government. Now, this public pursuit of the Jews is not a pleasant spectacle, especially in those countries which would be bankrupt without their aid. It is doubly horrible when it is called in to confuse a plain issue. The question agitated in France is not whether or no Captain Dreyfus is a Jew—on that point all men are agreed; the doubt still unresolved is far more complex: has or has not the prisoner of the Devil's Isle received a fair and judicious trial? And this doubt neither the fury of *La Libre Parole* nor the indiscriminate condemnation of a people is ever likely to resolve. But the sudden admiration of the army and the consequent dislikes have done more than add to the clamor of the streets. As theology loosens its hold upon a country, the need of worship must be otherwise supplied, and Paris for the moment bows the knee to its generals. The new worship is already equipped with a set of new sentiments, and the

merest banality is vociferously applauded, if only it places the army beyond the reach of criticism. Some time since an officer, bringing a charge upon hearsay, was asked the source of his information. "Sir," he replied, with a magnificent gesture, "the *képi* must not know what is in the head." You can imagine the outburst of applause wherewith this patent evasion was greeted; and throughout the many variations of the Dreyfus case a cheer has been obtained by the very common-places of military patriotism. "How can you doubt my word," exclaims one colonel, "when I have served in eighteen campaigns?" And neither the audience nor the jury has time to reflect that many years of hardship in the tropics may perchance have impaired the memory. No: the army is above reproach and above discussion, nor is it conceivable that any officer, other than Captain Dreyfus or Colonel Picquart, can be guilty of the smallest indiscretion. It is, indeed, an ironic spectacle: the mob shouting the praises of force, and cheering the policeman, who is reluctantly compelled to interpose. From end to end of this unparalleled agitation the police and the mob have fought upon the same side; yet the police has never sacrificed its duty to its opinions, and the mob has not always silenced its voice at the bidding of authority. So to observe these manifold contradictions is to wonder whether Paris is really in modern France, or situate on some vague border-land of comedy; and if you turn to the other side, you will hear other calls to battle, which do nothing to mitigate the surprise.

The partisans of Zola, then, reply to the shouts of *Vive l'Armée!* with a counter-cry of equal elevation and yet vaguer meaning. *Vive la France!* In fact, signifies no more than a desire to know the forbidden truth, and as the number of curious citizens is ever diminishing, the cry is seldom and but furtively heard. But though the fight is unequal, it is fought with a medieval ferocity. Officers pluck advocates by

the beards and a mob is always ready to put lynch law into practice, if only it can catch its victim. That one half-tried charge of treason should have unchained so many hatreds is almost incredible, and may only be explained by the natural desire of strife. Yet possibly the misery, now borne by Paris, might long ago have been avoided either by a loyal revision or a resolute determination to revise nothing. But the policy of half-measures has met with its just reward, and Paris is not only the victim of disorder—it has witnessed a sudden and puzzling cleavage of parties. As Home Rule divided families and severed alliances, so the name of Captain Dreyfus has destroyed friendships and separated politicians. The Radicals are divided against themselves, and though the Socialists at last are rallying to the unwonted cry of *Vive la France!* for a while their allegiance was in doubt. Stranger still, M. Rochefort has been flung into the bosom of the Church, and the wolf of anti-Semitism is lying down with the lamb of Catholicism. However, a sudden redistribution of friends and foes is not impossible, since an unforeseen incident may easily turn the feverish brain of Paris. Nor is it easy to predict the duration of the scandal. Though half-a-dozen cases, which really involve the guilt of Alfred Dreyfus, are already set down for trial, a sudden revision may put an end to them all, and the general election is not far away. Moreover, though the Jewish question is the essence of the Dreyfus case, as it was of Panama, the later scandal should not trail into the weary nothingness which overtook the earlier. For Panama seemed to involve in dishonor the whole parliamentary system of France, whereas the case of Captain Dreyfus may be settled in either sense without bringing disgrace on more than half-a-dozen honest, though misguided, persons. Meantime, the cries are raised with all the greater fury, because not one of the partisans on either side has any assured knowledge. But igno-

rance never yet reduced dogmatism to silence, and the one possible cure for the prevailing riot is the frank discovery of the truth.

Were it not for the banished officer, who still finds loyal Frenchmen to believe in his innocence, the whole story might be material for a screaming farce or a harrowing melodrama. And in nothing does this farcical character display itself so manifestly as in the sudden apparition of Veiled Ladies. The artifice is a little out of fashion: it smacks of 1830, and the Romantic Movement; and it is not surprising that so staunch a Naturalist as M. Zola should doubt its sincerity. But no sooner was M. Esterhazy accused than anonymous letters warned him of his danger: on the other side, two unknown goddesses—Blanche and Speranza—were active with telegrams; and finally a Veiled Lady prowled in Montmartre, or lingered with documents of release upon the Quay. Who was the Veiled Lady? Nobody knows, and though deeply mysterious emissaries are not wont to wait in the desert corners of Paris, the whole intelligence of the army has not discovered M. Esterhazy's Providence, nor the cabman who drove her on her errand of charity. Yet the Veiled Lady has been throughout a principal personage in the drama. Her existence was gravely acknowledged before the court-martial, and grave questions were asked concerning her voice, her manners, her method of procedure. The answers, of course, were loyally evasive, and no more is hinted to the world than that she was fortified by a document which insured at once the guilt of Dreyfus and the innocence of Esterhazy. This document, declare the friends of M. Zola, could only have come from the ministry of war; whence it would appear that the Veiled Lady is either an accomplished thief or the servant of the *Etat Major*. Yet another explanation is possible: the mysterious one may be a sort of Mrs. Harris, and the document may have been despatched through some less romantic channel.

In any case, there was here a plain necessity for elucidation, unless the ministry of war is willing to acknowledge that it finds its models in Offenbach or the Porte St. Martin. A Veiled Lady, holding a secret paper—it is a delightful picture, for all its ancient fashion, and is enough to persuade you that the age of romance is not yet passed. But M. Billot could hardly be persuaded to take a flippant view of the personage who carried abroad a paper affecting the national defence. For, throughout the tedious debates which have divided France, the government has proclaimed with unhesitating persistence the perils of outspokenness. The ministry of war has entrenched itself securely behind the professional secret; yet not only is the friendly press strengthened by private information, but unknown women are permitted to hawk priceless documents in the street, and no one is put to prison for the theft. Was there ever so ridiculous a comment upon the necessity of discretion? After this, the most ardent champions of candor need not despair, and cunning may yet succeed where argument has been powerless. But whatever be the issue, the agitation must presently yield to fatigue or to a change of government. The clamor of to-day will be silenced or replaced; Paris herself will find a pleasanter cause of excitement; the pessimists, who prattle of the national dishonor, will be aghast at their own despair. For the cries of Paris are but faintly echoed in the larger world of France; and France, whose thrift and energy have survived defeat, is still strong enough, even in the face of a free and rancorous press, to resist revolution.

Paris, 12th February.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LEWIS CARROLL.

It is not easy to write of Lewis Carroll adequately. It is natural to expect that so exceptional a mind should have

been developed in exceptional surroundings by means of exceptional experiences, and therefore any account of his life that is truthful must be, in some measure, disappointing; for he spent his time within the walls of Christ Church, and the life of an Oxford don is for the most part uneventful; at least, it is not rich in incidents that are likely to attract the general reader. Mr. Dodgson was the product of the old order of things in Oxford. He belonged to the time when places on academic foundations were held, under certain conditions, for life, and when the work required of those who held them was not precisely defined by statute, but was left largely to the discretion of the individual. Mr. Dodgson came up to Christ Church from Rugby in 1850, as a Commoner, according to the old practice, and was made student in 1852 on the nomination of Doctor Pusey. According to the constitution of the House then prevailing the dean and canons nominated by turns; and the person so nominated held his position for life, provided he remained unmarried and proceeded to Holy Orders. It was to a position of this sort that Mr. Dodgson was nominated. This was shortly before the era of great univer-sity changes. It was Mr. Dodgson's fate to live under a series of successive enactments which modified in many ways the old conditions; still, though the nature of his tenure was in some measure affected by them, he remained till his death on the foundation of Christ Church to which he had been originally nominated by Doctor Pusey.

He was not bound, as we have already said, to any special course of academic study or teaching, but he held from 1855 to 1881 the position of mathematical lecturer. This office was in no way an arduous one, and he had plenty of time left to him in which to pursue his own studies. He was a laborious worker, always disliking to break off from the pursuit of any subject which interested him; apt to forget his meals, and toil on for the best part of the

night, rather than stop short of the object which he had in view. A person who works in this way is usually dependent on his moods; and if the mood for work rarely visits him, he gets very little done. Mr. Dodgson's paroxysms, though frequent, were, fortunately for him, intermittent. No man could have held out for very long under such a régime as his when the fever of work came upon him. But though this passion for violent labor was irregular, he never seemed idle; his mind was original and perpetually busy; and the general average of his working time was high.

In 1860 Mr. Dodgson took Holy Orders as a deacon; he was never ordained to the priesthood. It is difficult to speak of a side of his character in regard to which he was very reserved, but no one who knew him at all intimately could doubt that the old friend who has sketched his character in the *Oxford Magazine* is right in finding the keynote of his life here. His ministry was seriously hindered by native shyness, and by an impediment in speech which greatly added to his nervousness. And the fact that he was never ordained priest restricted still further the already narrowly limited opportunities of an academic cleric. It prevented, for instance, his being invited to preach before the university in regular course. But though his voice was rarely heard, there was no question as to the deeply religious bent of his life; there is nothing more curious to his friends than to see his name connected in some of the papers with stories turning on the light use of Biblical language. He held this and all such things in severe abhorrence, and he acted out his principles in his life.

—A man who separates himself from what is called university business, who pursues a recondite subject at hours that differ widely from those of the majority, can be indeed solitary at Oxford. To a large extent, especially in his later years, Mr. Dodgson did live as a recluse. There must be many people

in Oxford who did not know him by sight, and still more who never spoke to him. To all these it must have been a marvel that such books as the "Lewis Carroll Series" and the works on mathematics should have come from one retiring academic don. But those who knew him ceased to find it puzzling. There was always the same mind displayed in his talk. When he was playful or inclined to be paradoxical he could be as irresistibly funny as any of the characters in his books. The things he said in conversation do not lend themselves to description. He talked readily and naturally in connection with what was going on around him; and his power lay, as so often in the books, in suddenly revealing a new meaning in some ordinary expression, or in developing unexpected consequences from a very ordinary idea. Jokes like these require a long explanation of the circumstances to make them intelligible. They are not like the carefully elaborated impromptu which is easily handed about, being specially prepared for exportation. In the same way, Mr. Dodgson was always ready to talk upon serious subjects; and then, though he restrained his sense of humor completely, he still presented you with unexpected and frequently perplexing points of view. If he argued, he was somewhat rigid and precise, carefully examining the terms used, relentless in pointing out the logical results of any position assumed by his opponent, and quick to devise a puzzling case when he wanted to bring objections against a rule of principle. But his skill lay rather in tracing consequences than in criticising fundamental assumptions; and he was apt at times to exaggerate the value of side-issues.

When all this has been said of Mr. Dodgson, and when we have noted his unflinching courtesy to those with whom he was brought in contact, we have given some account of the impression made by him upon his colleagues. The circumstances of Oxford life lend them-

selves to reserve, as we have already said; and the man who chooses to pursue a student's life chooses a very uneventful one. The appearance and disappearance of the undergraduates mark the chief difference in the year—the difference between Term and Vacation. To those who are tutors or lecturers, Term brings an excess of educational work; to those who are not, but who, like Mr. Dodgson in his later years, pursue their studies in their own way, the presence or absence of the undergraduates is a mere detail. When they are in residence, dinner is in hall, and a gown is necessary; when they are away, dinner is in common-room, and gowns are not worn. And dinner is the time when the student emerges into society. An equable life in Oxford, varied by these differences, interrupted by an occasional visit to London to take some child-friend to the theatre, or by the summer visit to Eastbourne, and the visit to his home at Christmas, was Mr. Dodgson's habit for many years. Such a course of living does not suggest much to the biographer, but it may be very happy, though it is uneventful, and it gives opportunities for great friendships. Oxford life is greatly the poorer by Mr. Dodgson's death.

It is impossible to deal with the life of a student without considering the value of his written work. In so doing the present writer is limited by his lack of mathematics to the works published under the name of Lewis Carroll. There seems to be a general agreement that in the most successful of these Mr. Dodgson rose to the point of genius. In all such matters it must be difficult to lay down the principles which explain the success. There is no question about the fact. Children are delighted with the books, and still more, perhaps, people who have passed the age of childhood. To have secured the ear of both these classes is success beyond, perhaps, what the author originally expected. If we must say what seems to us a conspicuous feature about the works, it is this: the most successful

passages in the "Alice" books, the passages which recur most often to the memory, are the dialogues. And the secret of their attractiveness is, in large measure, the sudden and unexpected direction given in them to ordinary thoughts and phrases. Ordinary conversation is built up very largely of phrases which are used conventionally. Their exact meaning is hardly thought of, and they are used without question. Their ordinary use is often not the only possible one, but they are so familiar that it is only the ordinary usage that occurs to the mind. Mr. Dodgson has shown the existence of all sorts of pitfalls and surprises round the ordinary course of conversation. If he had done it badly, if he had exaggerated and lost proportion, his work would have been set aside as foolish. But he has so woven his eccentric interpretations into the atmosphere of a dream, and so fitted them into the circumstances of his narrative, that they not only produce their effect when they are read, but remain in the mind afterwards.

"I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the queen said. "Twopence a week, and jam every other day."

Alice couldn't help laughing, as she said, "I don't want you to hire *me*—and I don't care for jam."

"It's very good jam," said the queen.

"Well, I don't want any *to-day*, at any rate."

"You couldn't have it if you *did* want it," the queen said. "The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam to-day."

"It *must* come sometimes to 'jam to-day,'" Alice objected.

"No, it can't," said the queen. "It's jam every *other* day, to-day isn't any *other* day, you know." ("Through the Looking-Glass," p. 94.)

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing." ("Wonderland," p. 106.)

A great part of the dialogue flows on in a similar style to this, and the result

is that it combines the appearance of familiarity with continual surprise. "The Hunting of the Snark" especially seems to us to depend for its effect upon the combination of familiar language with unexpected meanings. The story goes on and seems comprehensible, though it really leads nowhere. It is very amusing in such passages to watch the gigantic struggles of the intrepid man who translated "Alice in Wonderland" into German. He succeeds well on the whole with the songs, even with such a song as that belonging to the Lobster Quadrille; but one cannot help wondering at times what the Germans make of the dialogue; its shifts and turns come off stiffly in that tongue. "Through the Looking-Glass" has, so far as we are aware, foiled the efforts of the translator. The present writer has seen a German version of the song "Jabberwocky" by the late Dean Scott, of Rochester, but the number of new words in the second of the "Alice" books makes it practically impossible in any other language than its own. In connection with these, it is due to Lewis Carroll to remark that the word *chortle* has found a place in the new "English Dictionary" edited by Doctor Murray. Its rapid adoption into so scientific a work seems to show that it supplied a felt want in the language.

The verisimilitude which the dialogue lends to the whole story makes the more definitely imaginative parts of the books tolerable. The whole is worked into a complete unity, and the reader lives in the scenes described. It is on the side of mere innovation that Lewis Carroll passes into perilous regions. This comes out very clearly in "Sylvie and Bruno." Here the author has become somewhat self-conscious; he describes his methods of work in his preface, and sets his readers problems in the criticism of the text. The whole is much less compressed than the earlier works; he trusts less to sudden surprises in familiar regions of thought and more to pure imagination. The rapid passage from the dream-world to

that of ordinary life destroys the unity of the story, and, if the truth must be told, the tendency to exhortation spoils its spontaneity. The earlier books derived their charm from their complete artistic unity. The reader is carried along without any disturbance of his point of view from beginning to end, and charmed all the way. But "Sylvie and Bruno," though there are many passages in it which only Lewis Carroll could have written, is incoherent as a whole, and never seems, like the others, inevitable.

There is another section of Mr. Dodgson's work, of which comparatively little is known outside of Oxford. We have said that the author lived a reclusive life and took little part in university business, but he occasionally broke silence, when a subject that interested him was under discussion, by writing a squib. There are six of these small pamphlets in existence, now very rare. They were published at various times singly, and were collected under the general title of "Notes by an Oxford Chiel." Two of them are concerned with the alterations made in Christ Church, when the Cathedral and Great Quadrangle were restored. Two are concerned with financial discussions connected with the museum. These, though they contain many delightful passages, are obscure to the general public. The other two represent Mr. Dodgson's contribution to two questions which agitated the world in London and elsewhere, as well as in Oxford. One of these—called "The Evaluation of *II*"—deals with the controversy over the salary of the late Professor Jowett; and the other—called "The Dynamics of a Parti-cle"—gives an account of the famous election campaign, at the end of which Mr. Gladstone ceased to represent the university in Parliament. (These were first printed in 1865). The style of humor which prevails in these is of a distinctly academic type, and the events satirized in them do not survive, in all their detail, in the memory of the present generation. Hence the time

has almost come when a new edition, if such were made, would have to contain notes and an introduction. But they are among the best of Mr. Dodgson's productions. The method of the "Dynamics" consists as before in unexpected turns and surprises, only the language employed is not that of ordinary conversation, but the definitions of Euclid and other such things in some cases slightly parodied. The following definitions will illustrate the character of the work:—

I. Plain superficiality is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points.

III. When a Proctor, meeting another Proctor, makes the votes on one side equal to those on the other, the feeling entertained by each side is called Right Anger.

IV. When two parties, coming together, feel a Right Anger, each is *said* to be complimentary to the other (though, strictly speaking, this is very seldom the case).

V. Obtuse Anger is that which is greater than Right Anger.

This last definition, and some other passages from these papers, are remembered and occasionally quoted still; but for the most part Mr. Dodgson's comments have shared the oblivion into which the controversies which evoked them have fallen.

It remains to say a few words about the logical works which have appeared under the name of Lewis Carroll. It is perhaps a matter for surprise that these were not, like the mathematical books, published under Mr. Dodgson's real name. Why they were classed with the "Lewis Carroll Series," the present writer does not know; it certainly did not mean that the author treated them lightly; he meant them very seriously indeed. He was firmly convinced that the ordinary logical methods were inadequate to the performance of much work fairly to be expected of the mind; and he was confident that his own principles, besides

affording an agreeable exercise for the intellect, were of great scientific value. It is difficult to share this conviction. It is true that the diagrams and mathematical formulæ are often extraordinarily ingenious, but the assumption which was at the bottom of the whole speculation will not bear investigation. In the logic, Mr. Dodgson carried to the most violent excess his habit of developing unexpected results and unnoticed inferences. He tried to give words a sharply defined meaning, as if they were mathematical symbols, and strove to systematize the various inferences which could be drawn from them. A word to him not only had its direct positive meaning, but also conveyed negative information in various directions. And all this had to be drawn out and taken into account in his system. Besides this principle of analysis, Mr. Dodgson was ruled by a great belief in formulæ in which letters (as in algebra) took the place of words. This confidence naturally led him to think of sentences as mere forms, of which the concrete meaning was insignificant. Thus, if any one were to attempt to solve the complicated problems which are set at the end of "Symbolic Logic," he would find that the actual propositions occurring in them are quite irrelevant. Any propositions would do as well, whether they had a rational meaning or not, provided they contained the requisite number of symbols, or of words treated as symbols.

In this part of his work (and we believe in his mathematical books also) Mr. Dodgson's great originality of mind was his chief danger. He read comparatively little of the works of other logicians or of mathematicians who had dealt with the same subjects as himself. He preferred to evolve the whole out of his own mind without being influenced by others. There was gain in this, but there was also loss. If he saved himself from being misled by others, he also deprived himself of the value of their work, which would have saved him trouble and warned him of

mistakes. He dealt with these scientific matters as he had dealt with the ordinary language of conversation, in his own way and from his own point of view. The one process produced "Alice," the other the "Symbolic Logic." And if the latter is a failure as a logic, it is surely because a gift like his of eccentric originality lends itself but poorly to rigid analysis and systematic exposition.

It is impossible to do justice in a sketch like this to any mind of impressive originality, and the peculiar circumstances of Mr. Dodgson's life, together with the very unusual character of his genius, do not make the task easier. Those who knew him and mourn his loss are able to read between the lines in his books, and see there the working of the mind they knew; for, as we have said, the cast of his thought was very much the same in everything that he approached; the humor of "Alice" and the other books was one manifestation of an original and perhaps somewhat eccentric genius. And those who know him only through his books have a real knowledge of him; they are not looking at a mere fanciful product of his leisure, though they learn from others how natural it seemed that a clever, simple-hearted and religious man should express himself in books for children of all ages.

T. B. STRONG.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

ANOTHER VIEW OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A change is taking place, or is about to take place, in the æsthetics of black and white. A new movement is thrusting the photographers out of the old ways which they have been used to tread, and impelling them in exactly the opposite direction; and the movement is an international one. In Vienna, Paris, London and Brussels, on the terraces of Taormina in Sicily, in New Zealand and on the gold-coast of Coromandel

photographers are conducting investigations with which chemistry has nothing to do, and are tormented by anxieties of which their predecessors never dreamed. They have taken to the open air and tramp the woods, the plains, the seashore on sunless days, and in places where there are no historic monuments. What are they seeking? If one of the old black-chamber professionals happens to observe them, he is astonished and scandalized. He sees them stop, and contemplate empty, featureless places, without a single "view" in the whole prospect; a moor, it may be, where the heather is in flower; a pond encircled by rustling reeds. To his horror, he finds his young confrères violating all the rules of the business. They plant themselves opposite the light, facing the very sun! They don't mind about their focus. Worst of all they even dispense, upon occasion, with that system of lenses which is called an object-glass!

If he penetrates their studios, his amazement does not diminish. Where is the glass chamber, like an aquarium, the artful disposition of curtains, the hard and glaring light, indispensable to a good negative? Where are the iron vise for the patient's head, the rustic bench, the broken column and balustrade? Where the pasteboard polyhedrons to simulate rocks, and the cascade painted upon canvas for a background, and all the objects which formerly surrounded the melancholy and monotonous travesties of our loved and lost? All are gone, and we have merely a simple room facing any way, sometimes even south, with faded tapestries and pretty old-fashioned *bibels* scattered about—peplums, *calyptra*, tunics, *anabolas vertugadins*, jewelled collars, bonnets of our grandmothers' time, all the wonderful things that curious folk used to admire in the days of the Directory, handkerchiefs which were waved in honor of the victors of Austerlitz; or again, it may be, mere scarfs and widths of muslin, gauze, cotton velvet and satinette—things without form or purpose, bunches of ribbons, masses of flowers—a miscellane-

ous "clutter" of archæological objects, and millinery.

Is the man who affects this sort of thing worthy to be called a photographer? His are not the severe and stately fashions of the old-time operator, who Gorgonized with his icy stare so many generations of children with fringed badges, and young married pairs in gloves too tight for their hands. "Do not move!" But the man of the day appears to be enamored of everything that moves—clouds, leaves, water, human glances and smiles. The black robe has fallen from his shoulders, but if less of a magician than formerly he is more of a man. His talk is no longer of C²H⁴O, but he recites poetry or discusses questions of taste, and quotes Herschel and Janssen less frequently than Steudhal and Fromentin. He no longer eschews artists, but rather seeks opportunities for conversing with them; nor does he come now as a pedagogue, with lifted forefinger, proposing to instruct them about the positions taken by a man when he walks or a horse when he gallops; but rather as a learner, eager to profit by the master's experience, and to divest reality of everything not conformable to the ideal. Finally, they work in the daylight, and give no end of time to a single proof. This last is their most crying sin in the eyes of the true professional. He sees them tolling away for an hour at a time—working at each proof as though it were an engraver's plate, with an assiduity which would do credit to a water-colorist. Is this what they call re-touching? Once more—what is it they are seeking?

What they have found is, at all events, remarkable. A visitor to one of the recent exhibitions of the Photo-Club in Paris, the Camera-Club in London, the Lök-Ring at Vienna, or the Photographical Society of Brussels, comes away stupefied at the rejuvenation, not to say regeneration of a sixty-year old process, whose possibilities were supposed to be quite exhausted. Have we not here a new art, modest, unpretending, half-unconscious, undeveloped as yet, and stammering its first few words

in an unknown tongue? The public, at all events, which never troubles itself about reasons, has given its verdict without hesitation. Before the productions of M. M. Robert Demachy, Constant Puyo, Maulyer, Craig-Annan, Le Bégue, Bergon, Colard, Calland, Watzek and Alexander, they stand lost in admiration. And all the while, certain restless figures come and go, figures of artists, perhaps, who have caught sight, on the far horizon of their own domain, of the quartermasters of an invading army; or of art-critics who have, all their lives, been proving, by admirably constructed syllogisms, that photography can never give results equal to those of etching or charcoal, and now hear, on all sides, the exclamation, "Would you not think it an etching, or a charcoal-sketch?" Finally, there are idealists, who in their dismay at this new encroachment of science are asking what, amid all this chemical paraphernalia, of emulsions and revelators, bichromatic-gum and para-midophenol, is to become of the fine and noble traditions of high art, personal and innate inspiration—the soul of art—the idea?

It is with such as these and with all who love the beautiful that we desire to discuss the question. Let us inquire how it is that photography, hitherto so universally despised by artists, now finds itself upon the confines of art, and whether the operator may not be exercising a new influence over the chemical and mechanical phenomena which it involves. Let us see whether that part is important enough to admit the impress of his personality. And finally, let us try to determine whether this movement is tending; whether it marks a new advance of naturalism upon the idealistic and classical traditions of the old French school; or whether, on the other hand, it may not become, through a singular and unexpected evolution, a splendid witness to their vitality.

II.

Too many hard things have been said of photography, and not nearly enough of photographs. It is perfectly true

that photography, as ordinarily known, has a thousand defects which are the negation of art, without being the least in the world the affirmation of nature. It comes no nearer to truth than to beauty. It exaggerates perspective to such a degree that the view of a highway, taken directly in front, presents the form of a pyramid, with its apex on the horizon; a square table regarded in the same manner becomes almost triangular; and the hand held out to you is larger than the head of the friend who extends it. It so villifies the elementary colors that a light red roof becomes black, while the deep blue sky behind it becomes white. It suppresses in like manner both the sky and the sea of the South, and the moment one important tone is withdrawn, the whole scale of color becomes false. The noble promontories, outlined so softly against the sky, look like screens before a fire; the black boats which harmonize so perfectly with the dark blue water like flies in milk. The golden leaves of autumn, and the ripe white grapes, become as black as ink-spots upon paper, and an effect of common sunshine is as dazzling as one of snow. A tree seen against the light is so desperately dark that its modelling becomes quite indistinguishable—it is like a smoke-blackened zinc plate.

Having thus denied the truth upon essential points, photography displays the most indiscreet and indecent accuracy about those details which merely require a little management. Like the defendant in the "*Plaideurs*," it waives the main point of the æsthetic scene—the only one which attracts the eye and the heart—and complacently expatiates on the wisps and straws, and other trivial and unimportant matters. It stupidly counts the pebbles on the shore, while the best notion it can give us of a rushing river is that of grey hair trailing over the ground. Precise and dull as the science of statistics, it counts the leaves upon a tree, and makes them look, when relieved against the sky, as though they were wrought in iron. It is really impossible to exaggerate

gerate the hardness of its drawing, the crude brilliancy of its blacks and whites, applied one upon the other, without the least play of reflected light or softening chiaroscuro; worst of all, the dire monotony of its portraiture always the same, without one characteristic accent or touch of human emotion, without a single movement of impatience, delight or disgust; that lamentable perfection—the same in a thousand proofs, where all that is mechanical is preserved, and all that is human abolished.

These reproaches are absolutely just, but which is to blame, photography or photographs? The sun or the dim laboratory? A brief examination will suffice to show that instead of seeking to minimize these disadvantages, photographers have carefully cherished them. In their eyes hard drawing is not a fault, it is a virtue; it is what they call *clearness*, while what they call *softness* is a term of opprobrium devoting to public execration grace, freshness, indecision—everything that the true artist most admires. When in 1853 Sir William Newton, and after him Messrs. John Leighton and Buss, undertook to demonstrate, before the photographic societies of their country, that all the planes in a picture ought not to be equally *clear*, and that certain lines should be so faint as hardly to be distinguished from the background, they roused a tempest of opposition. Sacrifice a hair, a pebble, a blade of grass—never! The photographers' ruling principle was then, and has continued to be, until very lately, that the more details you can make out in a proof, the better it is, and the more sharply they are defined, the more completely is its end accomplished. You must be able to count all the houses in the photograph of a town, and all the windows in every house; you must be able to say: "There is where I live, and the shutters are half open!" All their improvements of *diaphragms*, *metal-plates*, *revelators* and highly polished paper have aimed at more minute representation of details, a sharper contrast of black and white, more definite outlines,

a more exact catalogue of objects; all of them things which are required by science and proscribed by art. What wonder that such strenuous efforts after ugliness should have been crowned with success?

It is the same with exaggerations of perspective. We have heard a great deal about the defects of the object-glass, and the "aberration of sphericity"—but what about the aberrations of operators? It is quite true that certain instruments distort the straight lines at the corners of the image—but why use such instruments? If exaggerations of perspective are especially noticeable in object-glasses with a very wide angle, why not use those with a close angle, which will not produce the same monstrous results? And if you must use a wide-angled object-glass, why place it so near the subject to be photographed that the main lines start from the very bottom of the proof, and are thus excessively broadened at the lower part of the image and excessively diminished as they ascend towards the horizon? Why? Because the photographer wants to get as many things as possible into his picture, from the objects at his very feet to those which are above his horizon-line. Because, in his zeal for recording the largest number of details, and in his profound ignorance of the law of indispensable sacrifice, he wants to make his object-glass take in more than his unassisted eye could do. In those proofs of which the perspective is so shocking, the photograph has been compelled to represent a number of planes which the photographer never saw simultaneously, and which, since they are not associated in reality, ought never to have been associated in a picture. There is the difficulty—but it is not the "objective" which is to blame; it is rather due to what is most *subjective* in the operator—his erroneous standard of beauty. Give the photographer a pencil, and he will commit the same faults of drawing. Give a true artist the camera, and he will not commit them.

There is another thing that he will not do. He will not give us a landscape

without a sky, as used regularly to be done, by every expert manager of colodion and bromo-gelatine. But here again, is the apparatus to blame for this weird suppression of the most essential local color? In the case of a blue sky undoubtedly it is, because that color makes so violent an impression upon the plate that nothing remains to give tone to the proof, and so whatever was blue in nature becomes white in the picture. But there are many ways of obviating this difficulty. There are glasses of different tints arranged so as to detain before the plate the colors which make their impression slowly, while they keep back every ray of those which act too rapidly. There is also the resource of developing more or less the different parts of the negative. It is possible, moreover, by the use of charcoal-paper or of paper treated with bi-chromatic gum, to reserve, when it is stripped off, a tone for the sky. But long before one ever heard of orthochromatic screens, or bi-chromatic gum, Mr. H. P. Robinson had succeeded in extending above his landscapes skies of a strong tone, and marked by delicate gradations of color. It is evident, therefore, that the utter absence of tone in the skies of the old-fashioned photographers was due, not to the imperfection of photography, but to their own carelessness. In like manner, if they precluded strong effects of light, such as those produced by Turner and Claude Lorraine, by the maxim that the operator must always turn his back to the sun, it was not because they dreaded the *halo*—and such-like accidents. It was because they cared as little for Turner-esque effects as they did for the proper tone in their skies. And the reason why they despised these artistic effects was because the latter can only be obtained, as a rule, at the expense of a minute and scientific definition of details. The veins of a stone, or the leaf-sprays of a shrub, come out more clearly when the sun shines directly on them. So, in the representation of the human face, it is not strong and characteristic effects which give the most complete idea, but a soft,

equable, diffused light. In the eyes of this class of photographers accent is not merely unnecessary, it is positively harmful, and if their negative of a human mask shows a salient feature or a conspicuous wrinkle, or a bit of high relief anywhere, they remove it by skillful retouching, until the epidermis has the roundness of an inflated bladder, and the shadow fades away upon the oval of a human cheek, as it does on the paunch of a balloon.

Now all this was much more the fault of the operator than of the process. It is not that the artists were wrong in condemning the proofs that were submitted to their judgment, but that they went a little too fast when they announced that the process in question was capable of nothing better. When the man of true taste appeared, and flung the dogmas of photography to the winds, delicate, refined, harmonious work immediately began to appear. There is no exaggerated perspective in the interiors of M. Puyo; there are no "black holes" in those of M. Demachy, nor needless details in the landscapes of M. Bucquet, nor soft, round flesh in the faces of M. Maskell, M. Kuhn and M. Hollyer. The skies of Messrs. Henneberg and Horsley Hinton are veritable canopies—full of life and power. Even when, in nature, the sky is blue, the tone of it is made so strong in the picture that white houses come out *light* against it, as in the "Brompton Road" of M. Calland. The inventory and the official report are out of fashion. The aim is now to reproduce general effects, not minute details; the accumulation of facts is less prized than the simplification of the idea. The artist no longer selects those hours of broad sunshine when everything is revealed, but the approach of twilight, when some things are merely divined. It has occurred to him that over-exactitude is an error in art, because it leaves nothing to the imagination; whereas the indefinite conducts to the infinite. A valley, a hillside, a jetty running out over the sea, objects commonplace enough when their outlines are all defined and their uses evident, become,

when partially veiled by mist, attractive because unattained, and curious because unknown. The *soft* is to the *clear* what hope is to satiety. It is the equivalent in art of one of the sweetest things in life—the delicious uncertainty of a soul touched by hope, but not yet endowed with assurance; where the desire which it begins to seem possible to gratify has not yet ceased to be piqued by the obstacles to its gratification; where all is promised, but nothing bestowed; all guessed, but nothing acknowledged; where faces and landscapes, earth, heaven and love itself are seen in the vague, suggestive light of dawn, and not in the bold glare of mid-day.

III.

But is this enough to constitute an art? It is all very well to suppress certain defects in the photographic image, but the suppression of defects will not make a work of art without the presence of certain qualities; most of all without the presence, either known or divined, of the workman's touch, as distinguished from that of the machine. Art should be—to parody the words of Bacon—the machine plus the man; and we have already seen that there is a host of faults, due less to the instrument than to the will of the operator, and less to the entire absence of the latter than to its unfortunate intervention.

This intervention seems, at the first glance, to be a very insignificant matter. Choose your position, arrange your apparatus, make some suggestions about attitude, soften the light—and that is all! What the plate records must be accepted, and what it does not record cannot be put there. All that remains for the photographer to do is to pour more or less acid over his revelator, unless possibly his genius may rise to the height of using *pyrogallol* instead of iron, or substituting rough paper for smooth. Is there anything personal about such a process as this? What room is there for sentiment, for emotion, for the unmistakable sign-

manual of the workman? Where is the unerring touch which gives the *synthesis* of a profile, an expression, an attitude, bringing out characteristics of race and of epoch, as the pencil of Gavarni or M. Forain can do? Where is the genius for composition which gathers up in a single work information derived from many different sources? Where, the imagination which creates the uncreated, and realizes the unreal? Where is that incommunicable *vision* whence it results that Corot, Rousseau and Millet, set down before the same landscape, will produce three pictures as diverse as if they were painted in three different planets; whereas ten plates, accurately adjusted before the same view, will produce, in the hands of ten different operators, precisely similar images? Is not the most beautiful photograph as thoroughly divested of all these features as it is of the colors which impart to all objects their form and relief, their distance and their splendor?

These are grave objections; they would be more so if well founded, which they are not. You can, of course, no more expect to get from a photograph the brilliant and savory qualities of a painting than you can get the characteristics of architecture, music or horticulture. It should be compared only with analogous things—with crayon drawings, washes in sepia or Chinese ink, charcoal, red-chalk or even cameo-cutting; that is to say, with any representation of an image either in black and white or in all the shades of some one color, from the darkest, which are almost black, to the palest, which are almost white. We may allow photography to differ from lead-pencil drawing and lithography, without for this reason refusing it the name of art. Otherwise we should have to withhold that title from the works of M. Allongé, or the drawings of M. Shermitte, which bear no relation whatever to a sketch by Ingres. And in short, we may admire without reserve the truthfulness of Ingres, the depth of Gavarni, the synthesis of M. Forain

and the analysis of M. Caran d'Ache, without affirming that the complete art of black and white is something between the portrait of "Thomas Vireloque" and the sketch of the balliffs in "Doux Pays."

The question is not whether photography possesses the same qualities as other processes, but whether it possesses any worthy to be compared with them; whether the rôle of the artist is important enough in this case to modify the aspect of a work—that is to say, whether his intervention suffices to make it a *production* and not merely a *reproduction*; whether, finally, to the essential beauty of any given view, which is common property, he adds that of a thought or emotion peculiarly his own.

Now if we examine the photographic process minutely, we shall find that there are three different stages at which the operator intervenes very decisively. First, he selects the object or the landscape to be represented. This appears easy enough, but in reality it is not at all so. "In nature," said Corot, "there are no two objects alike;" and Bertin and Alligny, who were his companions in nature-study, laud him to the skies, because he knew better than any other man—*where to place himself*. It is, then, a science to know the best point from which to view an object; and not that point alone, but the season, the hour, the occasion, the *raison d'être* of the picture.

Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando.

For, on the one hand, the loveliest object on earth may be a poor subject for a picture if it be not seen at the proper angle, and the "aesthetic moment;" and on the other hand, what admirable subjects there are in the humblest things about us, if only we ourselves possess the eyes and the heart to discern them! The curve of a highway, the right line of a fence, the smoke from a chimney, a rugged tree-trunk, a drooping bough, a sheet of water that reflects and imparts a tremulous motion to the feathery clouds—such things are quite

enough. All about us Nature is incessantly composing fleeting but delicious pictures. They do not need to be created; there they are! the point is to *see* them. "On chance occasions," observes Jules Breton, "nature herself will exhibit a perfectly beautiful picture;" and Frederick Walker, the admirable artist of the "Harbor of Refuge": "Composition is nothing but the art of preserving a happy effect accidentally perceived." It is not enough, nor is it by any means necessary, to plant one's self in front of the cliff of Etretat, or the Castle of Chillon, or the square tower of Saint-Honorat, or the islands of Lérins, in order to produce a masterpiece. The most picturesque land will afford no subject to him who is incapable of discovering one in the endless variations of the most monotonous landscape. To *know how to see*—that is the main point. But, alas! how many amateurs there are who pass by the picture in a landscape as the ambitious pass by happiness in life—without ever seeing it! And both alike plod solemnly on, with a box of colors or a pack of illusions on the back, on the lookout for remote marvels, not worthy to be compared with those awaiting them at their own doors—if only they had the wit to look!

It is exactly the same with human figures. If it be true that "a problem well stated is half solved," it is even more so that a figure well posed is half drawn. The rest is but a matter of accuracy of eye and hand. Now the photographer is a composer. He poses not the image in his mind, but the reality. He arranges, not the lines imprinted upon the sensitized plate, but the living lines before his eyes. To produce a picture like "La Source," you must be able not only to draw like Ingres, but to compose like Ingres. The model whom he employed never took, of his own accord, that fine, simple, noble attitude; or if he did take it, it was by an accident which had to be seized and utilized. And is not this precisely what the photographer does?

The kinship between the photographer and the artist comes out in the

suggestions they make to their models. Every one knows in what horror portrait-painters hold those smooth, stiff stuffs which do not readily fall into folds. The foremost photographic artist in England, Mrs. Cameron, tells a story in her "Memoirs" which shows that she shared that horror to the full. The success she had in taking the likenesses of women procured her, one day, the following letter:—

"Miss Lydia Louisa Summerhouse Donkins informs Mrs. Cameron that she desires to sit for her portrait. Miss Lydia Louisa Summerhouse Donkins keeps her carriage, and can, therefore, assure Mrs. Cameron that she will arrive with her toilette perfectly fresh. If Miss Lydia Louisa Summerhouse Donkins is satisfied with her portrait, she has a friend who also keeps her carriage, and who will also be pleased to sit for her picture."

"I replied to Miss Lydia Louisa Summerhouse Donkins that Mrs. Cameron, not being a professional photographer, regretted exceedingly that she would not be able to take her likeness, but that if Mrs. Cameron had been able, she would have much preferred that the lady's toilette should be *mussed*."

It would be a mistake to suppose that photographic composition applies only to portraits and to little scenes of modern *genre*, taken in a studio light. There are photographs of historical scenes, and fabulous personages taken in impressive chiaroscuro. We have Saint Cecilia, Doctor Faustus in their laboratories, Judiths admitting a ray of light through the parted curtains of a tent, dead Christs extended upon slabs of stone. We do not say that such things are in the best taste, but they are not to be despised as achievements. Two little pictures by Van Honthorst called "By Night," in the same small saloon of the Palazzo Doria at Rome where hangs the portrait of Innocent X. by Velasquez, have always been greatly admired; but they are not a whit superior in coldness and truthfulness of effect to the nocturnal photographs of M. Puyo entitled respec-

tively "Vengeance" and "The Lamp Smokes."

The first attempts at representing historical compositions by photography were made, if we mistake not, in England; and we must turn once more to the pages of Mrs. Cameron for an account of the enthusiasm which they excited.

"I turned my coal-cellar into a laboratory, and a kind of glazed hen-coop which I had given to the children became my studio. I set the hens at liberty—and I hope and trust they were not eaten—while the revenue which my sons had derived from the sale of fresh eggs was cut off. But everybody sympathized with my new undertaking, and to the society of hens and chickens succeeded that of poets, prophets, painters and charming young girls, who in their turn conferred immortality upon my humble little farm.

"An intimate friend of ours lent me the kindest assistance in my first experiments. Without pausing to consider that, while humoring my fancy, he might make himself ridiculous, he consented, with that magnanimity which is the sure mark of disinterested friendship, to be by turns Friar Laurence with Juliet, Prospero with Miranda, and Ahasuerus with Queen Esther, to hold a poker like a sceptre—and, in short, to do everything that I desired.

"The consequences were, not merely pictures for me, but a marriage between Prospero and Miranda. The happiness and comfort of a veritable King Cophetua have, I trust, been secured; and it is certain that he regards Miranda as the brightest jewel in his royal crown.

"It was the sight of my work which determined him to speak, and there followed one of the sweetest possible idyls in real life, resulting in a marriage of inclination, and in children whose beauty renders them as worthy to be photographed as their mother was before them."

This last is a truly artistic touch, and what follows is worthy of a Pre-Raphaelite.

¹ Mrs. Cameron. "Annals of My Glass House."

"I was then at Little Holland House, whither I had transported my apparatus in order to take the portrait of the great Carlyle.

"When I had men of this sort before my camera my whole soul became absorbed in the desire to do my duty to my model by faithfully reproducing the greatness of the inner, no less than the features of the outer man. A photograph thus taken is almost the personification of a prayer."

It must not be supposed, either, that great natural scenes and life-studies like the "Vision Antique," for example, are forbidden to photography. What is this closed carriage drawn up on the edge of a desert strand, with a view between two gloomy promontories over the open sea to a bare and solitary horizon? Strange tourists are these who descend from the vehicle. Women arrayed in *chiton* and *diplois*, who seem to have stepped out of the frescoes in the house of the Vettii, or the stucco reliefs in the Baths of Diocletian; then comes a man bearing a box about three feet long; after him a chief of police. They are all threading their way among the tall grasses or stopping to gather flowers. The chief of police appears to be there for the defense of art against the indiscreet curiosity and untimely zeal of rural militia, coast guards and custom-house officers. Perhaps he is not, strictly speaking, an æsthetic figure, but he will not appear in the picture. And still the procession advances, under the olives, beside the waves, among the saline beach-plants. For the first time in years immemorial, peplums have come out of the property-shops to flutter in the open air. The light *calyptra* no longer sweep the boards—but are swollen by sea breezes, and catch upon the points of the lentisks. The water in the fountain-basin once more reflects the noble folds of the *anabola*, and the wind finds its way into the hollow flute. Far better than those green-bronze mirrors preserved in the glass cases of museums, these basins will tell the new *canephore* whether their jars are gracefully balanced. There is no anachro-

nism. By taking their draped figures into the open air, the photographers have re-discovered the antique life; for, in the landscape, we get the same surrounding wherein moved the contemporaries of Anacreon. It might startle a piano to be played by a man in a *himation*, but let that man go into the forest, or out upon the seashore, and his costume harmonizes better than any other has ever done with the lines of nature. The frame recognizes the figure, and smiles upon it. Under the olive, *turde crescens*, in the land of *ver assiduum*, there seems no miracle in the revival of the feasts and the games that are sculptured upon bas-reliefs. The potters in the suburbs are still making *cratera* and *lecythes*. The water of the fountain sings the same song as of old. Since there are pine-trees still, why not thyrses? The tortoise subsists, and hence, the lyre; the reed and hence the syrinx. Let the "Vision Antique" pass on!

The artful photographer has chosen the place, the time, the faces and the costumes; he knows the attitudes necessary to reproduce the group he desires to form. They are in his head; he describes them to his models, and the thing is done. He will copy reality when reality affords him his vision—not before. He has calculated the height of the heads above the horizon-line, the length of the shadows on the grass, the angle of the sun's declining rays, the glint of light upon elbow and shoulder, the folds into which veil and tunic will fall, when the rising wind shall lend them that rhythmic flutter which we see in the drapery of the Samothracian Victory in the Louvre. Up and down the beach the figure goes—twenty attitudes are taken and rejected; no, that is not Ariadne! The place is about to be abandoned—when suddenly, involuntarily, by a spontaneous gesture, the model realizes the ideal! For one second Ariadne is here "telling her sorrows to the rocks," and quick as lightning the photographer notes upon his sensitive plate what he has been longing, searching, preparing for, during months, and, it may be, years.

And still, some critics will object, his part in the business amounts to very little. It is all comprised in the choice of a landscape and an arrangement of figures like that of a *tableau-vivant*. And if this were all, would it be so very small a matter? These airs of disdain are amusing on the part of the art-critic who regularly judges a picture or a group of statuary according to the choice of a subject, or the arrangement of the figures, and not at all by its technical qualities. Take any notice of the salon, and count the pages devoted to anatomy, myology, perspective, the harmonious blending of lights, the mixing of pigments—to all the subsidiary elements of the picture—and compare them with the pages, ten-fold in number, which are consecrated to the treatment of the subject, and you will see with how good a grace the critics make light, in theory, of the sole matter with which they practically concern themselves, when they undertake to pass judgment on a work of art.

But the photographer interferes a second time, and now it is with the technical process itself—that is to say, the development of the negative. As he has already chosen the natural scene, the hour and the atmospheric effect, so now he chooses for his negative the scale of color—the key-note whereby he will graduate his values. We all know what developing a negative means. It is plunging a sensitized plate into a liquid which brings out, little by little, the image potentially present in the said plate. According to the composition of this liquid, which may be modified during immersion, we get an image more or less hard—where the lights and shades are more or less strongly contrasted. The photographer may heighten or lessen this contrast—and so alter, in a pre-determined manner, the effect produced by nature. He can also—though this is more difficult—render one part of the image more evident than another, as, for instance, he can bring out the sky more strongly than the earth—and so give it the requisite depth and solidity. Here the action of the artist upon the negative

stops. He may not “re-touch” that. But his rôle is not accomplished when the negative is developed. The work of the professional photographer does indeed terminate here. He goes off to wash his hands, and his assistants print as many proofs as are required. But the artist takes his negative and studies it, regarding it as a mere sketch thrown off by the instrument under his direction. What he has now to do is to transform a study into a picture. The professional considers that his task is done; the artist that his is just beginning.

For it is in the printing of the proof that the tact and feeling of the man come in, and the controlling power takes its revenge on the automatic. The negative is the work of the machine, but the proof, like the style, is the man himself. So true is this that the hard, flat negative is sometimes barely recognizable in the highly modelled, and delicately illumined reproduction of the true artist. There are two photographs, one of which is called “A Study,” and the other, “A Silvery Morning.” Both are landscapes of reeds and water, woods and clouds. You look at them; you find the second incomparably more beautiful than the first, and you pass on, only to learn to your amazement that they are by the same author, Mr. J. H. Gear, and, furthermore, that they represent the same landscape! Is it possible? Not only so, but they are from the same negative! Enlargement, a change of paper and of mounting, a transposition of the values, thanks to these, the proof is no longer the same thing. It is the same canvas but no longer the same treatment, the same words to another tune. What has been added? An acid? No, a sentiment. A body? No, a soul.

The sole advance actually made in material and technique consists in the employment of erasing-paper. It is well known that the papers upon which proofs are printed are of three sorts: first, the white, albuminized paper which turns black spontaneously under the action of light, where the operator can only interfere to arrest that action;

second, paper treated with bromine, where the first weak development takes place in a bath, after which the operator interferes with pencils dipped in a liquid adapted to bring out the image; and, lastly, papers tinted, say, in Vandyke brown or burnt Sienna from which all which the light has not strongly fixed is gradually removed with water and pencil-point, leaving upon the surface of the proof only that which the artist desires to have permanent. The image is thus produced by a process of *erasure*, and in the case of both the last-named papers, it is produced very slowly. The result is due to the direct interference of the operator's hand, and is thus controlled by a living and fluctuating will, not by the action of unchanging, natural laws.

We see at once how the part played by the man has increased in importance. What a feeble being, and reduced to what humiliating functions, was the photographer of other days! From the moment when the negative was plunged into the bath, he was powerless. He could but lean over his basins, full of poisonous liquids, and wait, inactive and disarmed, until the deadly acids should have done their work. His position was at once grave and comical. The thing must be done in darkness and solitude, like treason or crime. The lantern dimly burning cast upon the broken lines a few red spots, like drops of blood. The man wandered about among his trays and basins—so like those of a surgeon's operating-room—or arranged the white, grey, blue, green or pink phials, which reminded one of an apothecary's shop, or a hair-dresser's. His eyes might not penetrate the awful mystery, wherein the nascent image of a brow, a cheek, a field, a lake, an insect, a bird, a branch or a flower was defining itself independently of him.

Nowadays the windows are partially raised, and the proof no longer lies either in a gold or a silver bath, but is set up on a board, like a water-color. Bright tears of pure water, squeezed out of a sponge, flow over it, and under this intelligent and sparkling dew-fall

a face is born, grows, is illuminated. There is the bare shoulder, there the supple neck and floating hair; here comes the line which represents the arch of the eyebrow, and now the rounded cheek appears in softest chiaroscuro! Slowly, lazily, like a child awaking from sleep, the image opens its eyes, its lips. The shadow takes on substance; it speaks, it smiles, it is on the point of telling all, when the artist stays his hand. He recalls that saying of Jules Bréton, that *all must not be told*, and he feels its truth. Poetry consists of the unknown, and what gives a picture its highest charm is that it cannot destroy that charm by speaking, as the living being, alas! too often does. The illusion created by the beauty of these pictured people is a lasting one; and their perpetual silence permits us to believe that the inner light equals the outward radiance.

When the artist brings his proof out of the studio into full daylight all that the man has put into it becomes at once apparent. It is no more the child of matter and chance, but heart and mind have collaborated in its formation; and precisely because there is room here for folly and mistake, there is also room for truth and love. And if so be that the picture is beautiful, what name shall we give it? Shall we deny it that of a work of art because it is called a photograph rather than a sketch in charcoal or red-chalk, and because the artist, instead of working with a bit of charred wood has, in some sort, wielded a sunbeam?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

Translated for The Living Age.

From Temple Bar.

HOW CLYTEMNESTRA SAVED A KINGDOM.

A STORY OF DYNAMITE.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest—cats."
(An Apology for the late Sir Henry Taylor.)

This is a story with a purpose.

The purpose is to rescue from undeserved oblivion the memory of a deliverer.

The chamberlain of the prince royal and the head of police at Mabenaggio have received from the press and the public the entire credit. Both, I understand, have been decorated by the Personage.

This is a world whose injustice cries to Heaven. Otherwise Clytemnestra must have received, at least, a golden saucer for her morning milk.

I.

There was silence in the night nursery.

Joffie had just been ignominiously expelled from bed, and flung away under Sarah's bed in the corner.

He lay sprawling, in an attitude of complete abandonment. His nose (long since bald) rested on the boards; his legs and single arm were strewn upon the carpet.

The cause of his summary dethronement was, that Ma Betty, meaning it in affection, had called him her "heavenly petting." Joffie objected, on the ground that, whatever she meant, "heavenly petting" was in Monkeyish a term of insult. Ma Betty having refused, characteristically, to withdraw the expression, Joffie became, so she said, abusive; and she judged it inconsistent with her personal dignity to allow him to remain in her bed.

Ma Betty therefore sat up, and cast him away so vigorously that the light sleeve of her nightgown flew far up above her round, dimpled elbow. They were old nightgowns, and short in the sleeves, but they were to "do" till that millennium date arrived called "Mother getting back."

Ma Betty having heard Joffie fall with a "flab" far away on that coastline where the carpet met the boards, lay back composedly and cuddled Jiffie. For awhile there was silence.

Ma Peggy, being of a more restless disposition, did not quite enjoy it. If this sort of thing went on, she would, she was aware, go to sleep much sooner than she intended. She bore it for a minute and a quarter. Then, "I b'lieve Joffie's sorry," she said.

"No, he isn't," said Ma Betty, who was a disciplinarian; "he hasn't had time."

"Why not? I get sorry quite quickly. I'm sure he is. And so cold."

"Indeed, Ma, I'm good" (a dismal squeak representing the voice of the penitent).

"No, Joffie, you've got a vi'lent temper. It takes him a long while to get good. If Julia was awake, I'd tell her to go and talk to him. But she's very snory to-night; ever since Sarah put the candle out. Julia's an unsuccessful mother. She might almost as well be a doll. And James is too severe with him. Besides, you know we can't have him back, because we mayn't get out and fetch him. Jiffie's nicer to cuddle. Would you like her? Oh, Peggy, you've pulled all your clothes out!"

"If I lie still I shall go to sleep. I fink you're horrid, just because Jiffie's new, and has got her tail still—a-ya-oo" (a great yawn).

"Why, there's that poor old gentleman again," said Ma Betty comfortably. "How dweadful he does cough."

"I wish—Joffie—old gentleman—Betty—a-oo—"

The next word never came. There was a long sigh, a roll, and—silence. One stronger than Ma Peggy had overtaken her. She lay, as usual, with her head undermost.

Ma Betty, on the other hand, propped herself up with her pillow and sat up. She was not going to break rules, but Joffie was to be picked up before she slept; otherwise she would be cruel to him, which was not discipline. In her inmost soul she knew she was very sleepy. But if you have a big, shapely, (particularly kissable) head, and you go to sleep upright, it falls over to one side with a jerk and wakes you up. She held Jiffie warm against her and stared, in the dimness—it was moonlight beyond the green Venetian shutters—at the odd, irregular outline of "Hairy Family" propped in two rows along the foot of her bed and Ma Peggy's.

Julia, James, Jerry, Jill's Ghost, Jannes, Jambres.

Jury, Jack, Josiah, Judge, Joram, Jehoshaphat.

They were undoubtedly, as a race, prolific; ever since Captain Abercrombie had discovered that little toy-shop in Paris, next door to which he bought his white ties. Before the close of their reign there were twenty-seven of them. They lie now, poor dead corpses, forgotten, in the big drawer in the spare room, which the brigadier-general opened the other day when he wanted his dress clothes. (But that, to quote Mr. Kipling, "is another story.") Their history is full of passion, a study in infantile affairs of the heart. It has but remotely to do with Clytemnestra's wrongs; yet it lures me on.

The first monkeys, Jack and Jill, had been a peace-offering. For several years there existed a coolness between Ma Betty and Captain Abercrombie, dating from a day when she was sixteen months old. Mother had gone out to the doorstep to tell him where the colonel could be found; and, as he stood talking with his best "bowler" in his hand, Ma Betty peeped at him over mother's shoulder, and it occurred to him to extinguish "Daddy's fat head" with the hat. Ma Betty, deeply offended, flung it off, inflicting a fearful dint, and hid her face in mother's neck. "A difference of taste in jokes" (says George Eliot) "is a great strain on the affections." Afterwards, the offender's relations with Ma Peggy continued perfectly frank, but Ma Betty was merely polite. At times he told himself that "that kid would always hate him" (but this was just after Aunt Muriel declined to have anything to say to him). Until he went shopping in Paris the little rift was never closed. But the sight of Jack in his little frock coat (made to order by a doll's tailor in the Palais Royal), and Jill's frilled pinafore, must have melted the hardest heart; and Ma Betty's was, if anything, too soft. She flung herself upon the donor's neck, squeezed the breath out

of him, and gasped out, "Darling! Dar-ling!"

In their palmiest days, this family were never all clean at once. The favorite of the hour was always a thoroughly disgraceful object; his many experiences told on him. The case of Joffie is, thus, merely typical.

Like the rest, he was made, outwardly, of the fur of a gray rabbit. His body was stuffed, Ma Peggy said, with hay. Ma Betty, who went deeper into things, said part with hay, part with cotton wool, part with feathers. His legs not being stuffed like his trunk, but merely double strips of fur, he presented much the same profile as a portly, elderly gentleman. His body was still very sweet in places, though his head was entirely bald. "It's love," said Ma Betty to Monsignore, when he remarked on this, "all love—and washing;" and he thought, whimsically, of the toe of St. Peter at Rome, worn shiny with ages of kissing. (I trust he has since named the fact in confession; you could not think of Joffie and be in a reverent frame of mind). Since mother went out to the Soudan to nurse father, Joffie had no eyes; but then, as Ma Peggy problematically remarked, "he could not stick in to you." This mysterious utterance had reference to mother's habit of keeping a box of glass-headed black pins, on purpose to supply the hairy family with organs of vision. Joffie's original orbs were long since gone. But the pins, stuck relentlessly down into his reeling brain, made "lovely eyes," and you could amuse yourself by the hour altering his facial expression. I have seen Joffie thus become as many people as Davenport Brothers, in a much shorter space of time. But the balder he grew, the more the pins came out at the back of his head, where they were points, not eyes. His blindness had thus its alleviations for the twins. Beside Jiffie, who was comparatively fresh and new, and exactly like Joffie when he was fresh and new, Joffie presented to the ignorant eye an air of dilapidated pathos, sug-

gestive of one rapidly approaching the ranks of the criminal classes. It was, indeed, whispered that the tidy Jiffie was too good. "She never wanted to do anything;" whereas Joffie was gloriously depraved, a mystery of wickedness nine inches long. He had, in fact, lived a wild life: his experiences could scarcely be reckoned up. He had gone to church by mistake in mother's pocket, his head (then crowned with a green silk cap) sticking out visibly; while she, in her ignorance, wondered why Captain Abercrombie could not look at her without laughing. Then he had been seized with a passion for soldiering, and his friend had (rashly) given him two old cartridge cases to wear as boots, which, taken off, proved black inside and sharp at the edges, and cut Ma Peggy's fingers in a way that smarted mysteriously and horribly.

Jack survived still, though his entire organism gave signs of experience, and of passionate affection. His head, having been sewn on again five times, now "listed to starboard" so much as to suggest permanent and cruel lumbago in the left shoulder. He was also severely afflicted with "Sealskin-patch-disease," an epidemic ailment (leaving permanent traces, like small-pox) which had just broken out among the older monkeys, when mother cut up her old jacket.

Jill had mysteriously disappeared after Ma Peggy recovered from scarlet fever. She had slept with the patient the night the rash came out. Details respecting her funeral pyre were concealed from Ma Peggy, who threatened to cry herself blind; and on the next birthday, an exact reproduction, pinafore and all, appeared. Not Jill, the captain explained—as Ma Peggy said, nobody could ever be Jill again; nor a "re-incarnation"; but a resurrection, on the most ancient and orthodox principles, as represented by the earliest art. It was Jill's ghost.

Ah, these dear monkeys! The time would fall me to tell of Julia and James, of Jess, of Jannes, who, given to

a little friend on the troop-ship, fell overboard, and sleeps, rocked for ever by the Indian Ocean. Their deeds and sorrows would fill a volume. But I am more concerned with Ma Betty, sitting upright in bed with dropping eyelids. She was thankful to the old gentleman's cough; it kept on waking her up. She heard, dreamily, ladies coming up from the salon; and distinguished the step of Alfonso from the step of Marie the chambermaid. She remembered hearing Sarah wish these folks understood a Welsh rabbit, and wondered what distinguished Welsh rabbits, why they did not stay in Wales, and whether they were always misunderstood, like monkeys. She then went into the garden to walk with a Welsh rabbit and condole with him. "You know, dearie, they don't *really mean*—" And the door opened, and she gave a great jump.

"Please, Sarah, pick up Joffie—ya-oo—"

"Bless the child!" said Sarah, as she thrust in Joffie and tucked his Ma up. But before she had finished, "Daddy's fat head" was gathered among the things that dream.

II.

Monsignore was a lonely man. As Ma Peggy said, he missed his savages so. It was a mercy that, having passed three years in an African jungle, with an Irish American who knew but one language for his sole civilized companion, he could speak English with some fluency. (I would not rashly assert it was this language that his companion spoke.) So he could share life with the twins, who (*absentia* mother) freely admired and criticised his unfamiliar garb and his English idiom.

He would have been in the jungle now, but for a passing English man of science, who, finding him down with what he called "fever," bluntly informed him that he must either die or go home to be treated. Monsignore thought it over, and came to the reluctant conclusion that his duty to the

Church and the savages forbade him to die if he could help it. On arriving in Rome, he found himself extremely ill and desolate, and quite forgotten at the Vatican and elsewhere. His mother, whom he had passionately loved, was dead. He tried to take comfort in devotion to the Blessed Virgin, who had been his solace and companion in many lonely hours; and he went to a doctor who said that in time he would get well. The doctor named him to another patient, a Papal Cameriere, and the Vatican remembered that he came of an ancient family, and sent for him, and looked into his missionary work, which was rather remarkable. The result was his title of Monsignore. (I heard the other day that he is now archbishop *in partibus* of Umwangaleba and the Coral Coast.) When he went to buy his purple stockings, it came over him with a shock that, after all, he was still civilized and a noble gentleman. He wrote to his brother, who was chamberlain to the Prince Royal of I know not where, who replied that he and the princely court were at its villa at Mabenaggio, and Monsignore could not do better than take up quarters at the hotel.

That dawdle, Ma Peggy, was, for a wonder, first in the *salle à manger* the morning after the disgrace of Joffie.

"Good-morning, little lambling," said Monsignore, stretching out his hand; "where is the sister?" He had just returned to breakfast after his mass.

"She's on the terrace," said Ma Peggy, "talking to the black-and-white cat." She stood still an instant. Then she put her head on one side.

"Please—please," she wheedled, "may we come at your table?"

This occurred every morning. Monsignore always waited for it. The *ragazzina* was apt to make herself so very dear.

Ma Peggy crossed to where a tall waiter was sweeping crumbs off a table and shook hands with him.

"Good-morning, 'Fonso," she said; "please put us over there."

Alfonso bowed almost double. Her greeting had now ceased to embarrass him. He brought across the two little plates with roses on them, which he reserved for the twins; the rolls, the jug of *lait simple*, the butter. The hotel was conducted "on Swiss principles," which, being interpreted, meant you had honey for breakfast. Ma Peggy stood by and superintended. At this hour of the day she was rather adorable. She wore her nut-brown hair cut square across her shapely little forehead; her big yellow eyes shone; her slim little person wore an alert, cheerful air, as though she thoroughly looked forward to the delightful experience of living another day. She wore a pinafore exactly like Jill's; and "sat up" James carefully against the red earthenware *carafe* opposite Monsignore.

"D'you know," she began, in her thrilling treble, "James is heavier than any of them? He tumbled in mother's bath, you know, and lay there all the night, and the next morning he was *sopped* and dweadful heavy, and we wrung him out with a tow'l, and hung him before the nurs'ry fire and he spun round and round, you know, and he's been *fearful* heavy ever since. He's Joffie's faver, you know. Oh, here's Betty!"

"Good-morning, dear littling," said Monsignore.

Ma Betty fell on his neck. Monsignore blushed. Till he met the twins, he had not kissed anything since he entered orders.

"It's my turn to pour his coffee," said Ma Betty; "you've got the milk. James, sit upright."

"And how," said Monsignore courteously, "is the white-and-black cat? I know not her name."

"Her name," said Ma Betty deliberately, "is Cly-tem-nes-tra. Peggy, you've made a slop."

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry. Oh-but-you-know, I didn't mean—James zogged my elbow, you know."

"He *didn't*. James is quite serious.

She's a darling, but—oh, isn't it cruel?—three of her kitties is dead. She's only got one, and she goes crying."

"And the ap-es?"

"Oh! you—are—funny!" Ma Peggy had happily set down the milk jug. The two rolled about with laughter.

"Monkeys!" said Ma Betty, when she could speak. "Monkeys"—in a very loud voice. "Can you understand?"

"I try," said Monsignore meekly.

"They're very well. At least, Julia isn't. She's got bronchitis in both her left legs. Jambres can't cure her. Granny says he's an iwegular pwactitioner. Oh, and we've been thinking ever so much about the nermits."

"The—how?"

"Oh-but-you-know, the nermits. You told us. The little old gentlemen that lived in stony little houses on hills and wore brown gowns. You said that funny one was a nermit. We thought we'd be nermits, for fun, you know, in our bathing gowns. But then Betty thought we'd be savages instead—we could *do* more, you know. Betty thought we'd never do our hair, and we wouldn't wear any clothes, at least only our combin—"

"Sh! sh!" from Ma Betty—"you shouldn't."

"Don't you fink savages is more fun, though? Nermits don't go about much, and—Oh! I forgot! That poor old gentleman does cough so, all, all night."

"The gentleman next door to you?"

"Yes," said Ma Betty seriously. "I'm sure he's a very sad, poor old gentleman. He coughs and coughs, and nobody doesn't seem to comfort him, nor give him lozengers, and he looks very sad—"

"You have seen him?"

"Yes. His door was open, and I said good-morning—he's got such a dear old, kind, white head like granny's, and he lipsees, like she does. And he nodded, and then he comed out and patted my head, and gave me this rose what I have got pinned on my plunny. I shall give *him* a present, but I don't know

what. Do you think he'd like—what? He's got flowers. And her kitties is all dead, else Mr. Mommer would have give me one, *I* know. I would like to give him sumfing."

Monsignore smiled.

"Little dearling, give that which you like yourself." He held most of the higher virtues to be possible at a very early age, and watched, dear man, tenderly, to see what would follow.

"Betty," said Ma Peggy, nodding, "suppose a monkey!"

"Yes, yes, lovely!" cried Ma Betty. The ensuing dance of joyful excitement on their chairs jeopardized Monsignore's coffee-pot, so that he held on to it.

"Gently, gently, dear lambs," he said, "*chi va piano va sano*. And which of the ap-es?"

A sudden hush fell. Ma Betty's eager little face grew full of seriousness and suppressed emotion.

"I think—not—James," she said slowly.

James was the very apple of her eye. "Nor Julia," said Ma Peggy, "cos who'd take care of Joffie?"

"Oh-but-you-know—" This phrase, a mere emotional expletive, hung on the air as invoking inspiration.

"Jiffie, Betty. She's much more cuddler for him at night."

"Yes, Jiffie. But his door's shutted all day. P'raps he's out."

"Oh-but-you-know, we can send it by post, you know—"

"So we can. *What* fun! Only it will have to be writed on, and mother's away, and granny'd want her spees, and Sarah'd just say, 'Bless the children!'"

"Let me write on it," said Monsignore.

"Oh, you *are* a dear! We'll put her in a parcel. It will be like when we came down from heaven to mother. Oh-but-you-know, there was two of us, so they sent us in a basket—"

"Peggy, I've finished, and he's finished. Let's go, now this minute."

When Monsignore, having seen the

doctor, who called on him every Wednesday, went up to the night nursery, where he was a frequent guest, he found preparations advanced. A pair of shoes for granny had come home in a nice, neat wooden box with a lid, just of the right length. In this lay Jiffie in a clean white pinafore and a little white cap. Her soft little paws met, and her dear furry toes were left just carefully visible. Her large button eyes wore a tender and resigned expression. "Isn't she—*just sweet!*" Ma Betty murmured, as over a beloved object disposed for its last long sleep. The box did faintly suggest—

"How shall I write?" said Monsignore, pausing with a very sharp pen poised over Sarah's black private ink-bottle. Sarah was dressing granny.

There was silence. Then Ma Betty spoke:—

"Please write, 'Her name's Jiffie, for to be cuddled at night. Monkey of the stuffed tribe.'"

"Oh-but-you-know, he *might* think she was a doll!"

"Yes. And please write, 'Her nightgown's underneath.' Else he won't find it. And she couldn't go to sleep."

The words presented difficulties to a non-English mind. When Monsignore had gravely wrestled with them, he displayed the inscription in his thin, scratchy, Italian hand. Ma Betty, before laying it in the box, considered. "I think that's all."

"Oh-but-you-know, it comes from us, you know."

The addition was made.

Ma Betty stooped over the box and took a last long kiss. Ma Peggy followed her example. Each member of the hairy family then took a separate farewell. Julia, the sick mother, was so deeply affected that Monsignore was obliged to counsel the immediate closing of the coffin—I mean parcel.

It was then addressed to "Mister poor old gentleman, next door."

Ma Betty was "postman," as "the one that knew him." After a few minutes,

during which Monsignore (the other side of the wall) exquisitely enjoyed his experiences, she returned, rosy and excited.

"He can't hardly speak English. You speaks much better. But I said it ever so loud" (she unquestionably had) "and he was ever so pleased. I opened it, and he kissed Jiffie, and he kissed me."

The trio proceeded down-stairs for a trot in the garden, with James and most of the others. Monsignore carried Jehoshaphat, because he was "nice and respectable." The visit of The Personage to the Prince Royal was to-day at its climax, ending to-morrow; and, despite the kindness of brother and charming sister-in-law, Monsignore thought himself *de trop* at the Villa Principe Reale. Twins were apt on fine mornings to carry the day, as against deep, dark works on theology, for which he found himself hardly well enough.

As, hand in hand, they descended the white steps between the flowering aloes, Ma Peggy suddenly broke into speech. She interrupted Ma Betty's long story of how she and Jack got on that steep ledge place at home, and Aunt Muriel couldn't get them up nor down; and how she said, "Darling, I *must* drop you." And dear Jack said, "Yes, ma, I *know* you must." But he didn't fall in the river, after all—

"Oh-but-you-know," said Ma Peggy suddenly, "he's a very funny old gentleman. Sometimes he's quite young, you know."

"But how, dear little one—"

"Nonsense, Peggy; you 'magine—"

"I *didn't* 'magine. I knows when I 'magines. Oh-but-you-know, but-you-know, I went through the little door between. Sarah said it was locked, and I tried, and it wasn't, you know. And I went right in, all of a tumble; and he was quite a young gentleman, and I runned away again. He'd tooked off his white head and put it on the dress' table, you know."

Monsignore came to a dead standstill. Saluts above! What had he done?

III.

Clytemnestra, despite the existence of her "first family," was, in mind, but a kitten still. Although, as Ma Betty told her, a lady with four babies ought to be ashamed to play with a cotton-reel, she thoroughly enjoyed the little ball of string left over from tying up Jiffie. When she thought it was the last baby's breakfast-time, she left it, in a reprehensibly irresponsible manner, all tangled round the banisters, with long loops trailing down the stairs. The old gentleman, cautiously descending, caught his foot in it, and fell, with a suppressed exclamation, right to the foot of the first flight. He was carrying something very gingerly, and could not save himself. Thank the powers, nothing else happened! But—

His leg was broken. There was no sort of question about it. As he passed his hand down it, he uttered a low, fierce curse. Then no more.

It was the outcry—and the silence—of a man who, at long last, has finally lost life's battle, and who knows it.

I have never been intimate with a person (they exist, unhappily!) who had nothing left to live for save a public revenge upon a man he had never seen, and Sir Walter Besant says you "should describe nothing with which you are not familiar."

But I am very, very sorry for the old gentleman. I take no sort of interest in *The Personage*, though, unquestionably, the old gentleman's intentions towards him were reprehensibly atrocious.

I could almost be glad that, when the patient got back, with long-drawn agonies, to his room, his eye lighted on a thing which brought him sudden hope, almost comfort. His own fate might be a gone case. Tied by the leg here, *that* was now merely a question of hours. But *the* act to be done—

The object that brought hope was the box containing Jiffie.

The act needed not merely reckless pluck, but a hard heart.

I am not sure I can be sorry for him, after all.

Ma Peggy looked over the banisters. Monsignore was in the hall, and she wanted a playfellow. He was talking with two other gentlemen at the smoking-room door. They looked "fearful serious;" but never mind! She wanted him. Oh, woman!

Ma Peggy came wheedlingly. The two gentlemen went inside the empty room; they seemed to have finished with Monsignore.

"Why, where is the sorellina? and what is it, dearling?"—for Ma Peggy's air of mysterious importance could not be overlooked. She bridled.

"We—wasn't to tell anybody, you know. Oh—but—you—know, I fink I might just tell *you*."

"What?"

Ma Peggy put her rosy lips against his down-bent ear.

"It's Betty. She's gone down the garden with Jiffie, you know. The old gentleman sent her, you know. He's hurted hisself, so he couldn't go to take Jiffie to a poor, sick, little boy, you know, that will love her ever so. His mother's down the garden by the pond, and she's got a yellow hanky on her head. Betty's gone instead. The box is all full of moneys for her, under Jiffie, you know. Won't she be s'prised? It's so heavy, you know. Betty couldn't scarcely ca—"

"Ah! Ah! Santiddio!" cried Monsignore.

Ma Peggy stood at gaze. He was gone.

He fled hatless out of the hotel door, and away among the oleanders and the aloes. The terror of it drove him like keen whips.

The child—the little, little, innocent, loving child! Lived there a wretch so black, who dared—who could? The little, little child!

Ma Peggy was a joy, a bewitchment. But in that hour he knew it was Ma Betty that he loved—the dear, wise head, the little motherliness! If Ma Peggy had carried the demon box, then

she had been dearest! So we are made.

The pace he made was very bad indeed for Monsignore's health. What of that? Agony on cold agony of terror broke over him. By now—while he ran to save—what might happen?

He had no hope any more, save in the Blessed Virgin, a mother herself.

It was miles long, the garden.

What was that—white? Ah, God! only a scrap of paper; not a bit of Betty—destroyed—in—

"*Santissima Madre! San-tissima Madre!*" he gasped, as he fled on.

Ma Betty had proceeded with a sober steadiness worthy of her. She had got as far as the white oleander where the little green frogs lived. The box was undoubtedly heavy, but she thought of the little sick boy's mother with a smile of angelic tenderness. *How* pleased she would be!

Still there dwelt in the world other friends and dearer.

"Aroo-oo! aroo-oo-oo! roo-oo-oo-oo!"

"*Darling!*" said Ma Betty.

She set down the box on the path. There was, clearly, something the matter.

"What is it, dear loviest sweetest?" said Ma Betty.

Clytemnestra was a "talking cat."

"Aroo-oo-oo—"

"Has oo losted her, dearest darling? Oh, my pet, has they hidden her? What is it, darling? *Tell* me. Where does oo want me go? She's losted her kitty! I'm sure she has—"

"*Picciolinella mia!*" cried Monsignore. He was hugging Ma Betty to his breast, with wild sobs and tears of joy. "*Grazie! grazie! Madre di Dio!*"

While he clasped her, a long *cortège* rattled by the foot of the garden. The Personage had left for the station. The woman in the yellow handkerchief waited in vain.

On the representation of Monsignore, through the Prince Royal's chamberlain, Jiffle was restored, nightgown and

all, to her mas, by the head of police. The wooden box remained in his hands. Ma Betty, having set it down, as she did everything, deliberately, there never was any explosion. (Ma Betty also had not wished to wake up Jiffle.)

I have, I believe, proved my contention.

Credit has not been given where credit truly is due.

MARY J. H. SKRINE.

From Good Words.

THE SCIENCE OF ANONYMITY.

From the earliest age, writers, from that spirit of modesty and self-effacement with which even their enemies credit them, have done their "good by stealth," lest they should have cause to "blush to find it fame." In other words, writers, ever since there have been writers, have, in giving forth to the world their thoughts, suppressed their identity, that their thoughts, ideas, creations, might be taken for what they were worth in themselves. Not infrequently, a fictitious name or title was chosen, either to convey some information about the purpose of the writing, or simply to keep an identity of some kind for reference or for future use. Hence the overwhelming number of writings come down to us whose authors are either absolutely unknown or merely conjectural. Take three outstanding yet widely distinct examples: Homer, Koheleth, Junius. So little is known of Homer's personality that it has even been argued, not without a show of probability, that the word Homeros, meaning bound or joined together, is meant to be applied to the long series of ballads and folk-songs united as one in the "Iliad," and does not denote a person at all; or that if a person is meant, he is referred to as "The Binder-together," and not as an individual of the name of Homeros. The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament canon refers to himself as "Koheleth" or the preacher, doubtless to emphasize what he has to

say; and the identity of Kobolet is one of the nice points in Old Testament criticism. The famous letters of "Junius" caused the most extraordinary attempts to be made to discover the real writer, and inspired the most diverse conjectures. Latterly the authorship has been usually assigned to Sir Philip Francis, whose grandson a few years ago published a small volume claiming to prove, by specimens of handwriting and by various arguments, that Sir Philip was in very truth "Junius." But the problem has once got into history, and doubtless will remain a problem for coming generations to try their wit upon.

This desire of appealing to the public without betraying one's personality has been during all the century, and still is, as common as ever. The great names of the century in literature were revealed only after their *noms-de-guerre* had marked them out—Professor Wilson, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës; and "George Eliot" never gets any other name. Tennyson started his magnificent career of song concealed as one of "Two Brothers." And if the writer did not choose a name for himself, the public speedily gave him one; and so we have for all time only one man who was and is pre-eminently "The Great Unknown"—Sir Walter Scott. The rule holds in the present decade—F. Anstey, Ralph Irons, Gavin Ogilvy, Ian MacLaren, Gabriel Setoun, Anthony Hope, all wrote or write as such, though their real names are now known to every one. Mr. Fisher Unwin, with his usual enterprise and with an excellent knowledge of inquisitive human nature, actually inaugurated a regular series of books written under confessedly fictitious names—the famous "Pseudonym Library." And there again, no sooner had any one book made a stir than the identity of the writer was revealed. Witness "John Oliver Hobbes," known to all the world as being Mrs. Craigie in private life.

Now, the motive underlying all this suppression of the "ego" (as I presume some of our recent female novel-philosophers would style it) is, as I have indi-

cated, the desire on the part of the writers to have their work judged on its own merits. Into that, however, I do not enter. The point that I wish to make, and shall endeavor with a few examples to illustrate, is that there is a motive also in the choice of any particular *nom-de-plume*. In other words, anonymity is a science, working according to certain rules, and reducible to certain principles. A friend of my own once wrote a book and—I am afraid the name will not be generally recognized—signed it "Esme Hope." That signature had not the remotest resemblance to his own name, and, when I asked him what induced him to adopt it, he gave an explanation at once ingenious and simple. "Esme," he said, was the nearest approach to a real name that could be made out of the Sanskrit root represented in Latin by *sum* and in Greek by *elmu* (*eimi*) meaning *I am*. It was his first literary venture, and "Esme Hope" simply meant, "I am hopeful of success." Similar motives and reasons, I hold, would account for every *nom-de-plume*; and the object of this paper is to give some that are acknowledged, some that are conjectured and some that are unknown. Why, even when a man writes "Letters to the Editor," we know that his anonymous signature (too rarely is it anything else) has a deep world of meaning in it. "Disinterested" means that the writer has something at stake; "Justice" shows a man swearing black is white; "Observer" implies that the writer has been "put up" to air a grievance he knows nothing about; and when a man's conscience tells him he is hitting below the belt, he invariably signs himself "Friend" or "Fairplay." But let us to our subject.

There are three broad principles according to which pen-names seem to be chosen; a little inexactness is unavoidable and will doubtless be overlooked in this experimental paper on a new "science."

I. The simplest method is the adoption of *Initials*. In fact the method is so simple that a difficulty immediately arises from the confusion created. Does "J. S." stand for John Smith?

And if so, which John Smith? The initials require to be of a peculiar combination, or to be recognized as belonging to a certain well-known personage, before they gain any distinct individuality. "A. K. H. B.," for instance, the initials of the Rev. Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd, of St. Andrew's—these letters are of such an unusual combination as to render it unlikely that they will ever belong to another essayist, while they must also have been noticeable on the very first occasion of their use. Similarly "A. L. O. E." is a combination not likely to occur frequently, while the long and honorable use of these initials by the late Charlotte Maria Tucker has fixed them as hers *par excellence* with her own meaning attached—A Lady of England. On the other hand the letter or letters used may be comparatively commonplace: and it is only the greatness or the popularity of the writer that imparts a definite meaning to the letters. "C. S. C." are common initials: but in literature they mean only Charles Stuart Calverley, the poet and parodist. Had greater length of days been granted to Mr. J. K. Stephen, the author of "Lapsus Calami," the initials "J. K. S." would have been equally widely and equally honorably known. "L. E. L." were the initials under which the gifted and prolific writer Lætitia Elizabeth Landon first attracted attention by her poems in the *Literary Gazette*; and as for "G. A. S.," once the private property of George Augustus Sala, they would nowadays point, if at the end of a theological contribution especially, to (Professor) George Adam Smith. One or two people have written under the letters "H. H.," but they are the especial mark of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, being the initials of her maiden name. When a single letter is adopted, the danger of confusion is increased; yet "Q." nowadays means the young Cornish novelist and critic, and no one else, although it has been a popular journalistic figure-head before now, having done duty for Douglas Jerrold and Edmund Yates among others. The author of "Dead Man's Rock" has adopted "Q." as being

the most distinctive initial in his name, A. T. Quiller Couch. It is a grand name wherewith to make mistakes. Frequently it is spelled Quilter-Couch, or even Quilter-Crouch. Sometimes "Q" used to sign the full A. T. Q. C. (perhaps he does so yet on occasion), and that has been quoted as if the initials referred to a gentleman who wore silk—A. T., Q.C. A publisher got so impressed with the value of "Q" that he made it run A. T. C. Q. Another famous writer in his day, happily not yet forgotten, also used only one initial of his name; but to render that more distinctive, he used its Greek equivalent. David Macbeth Moir did not sign himself "D" but "Δ," or more fully "Delta." Other expedients have been devised to give nerveless initials some "smeddum." Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the American author, ran his initials together and for euphony added *h*, making the well-known "Gath." So "W. M. L. Jay" does not denote, as it seems to do, a person of the name of Jay. Julia L. M. Woodruff merely placed her initials in inverted order and for J. wrote Jay. "Aitlaiche" is no Red Indian on the literary war path, but is the equivalent to A. T. H., i.e., Annie T. Howells.

II. The second general principle in this science is to *invert* or to *alter fancifully one's real name* or part of that name. That is to say, the writer's name in whole or in part gives the suggestion of a play upon words, and is accordingly retained, however unrecognizable be the form. "Barry Cornwall" is practically an anagram of the real Bryan Waller Procter. There can be little doubt that "H. A. Page" is merely an inversion in initials and in surname of the widely known and learned A. H. Japp, though Dr. Japp in his day has used more than one *nom-de-plume*. "Edna Lyall" is obviously an inexact anagram of the novelist's full name—Ada Ellen Bayly. The poet Sydney Dobell in his first correspondence with his good friend, the Rev. George Gillfillan, concealed his real name by simply dropping his surname and placing his inverted Christian name in its

stead—thus, “Sydney Yendys.” And talking of George Gilfillan reminds one that his father, the Rev. Samuel Gilfillan, used to write in the *Christian Magazine* regularly above the signature “Leumas,” his Christian name inverted. A perfect anagram is “Niclas Foxcar,” adopted by (Rev.) Francis Jacox; while of the nature of puns are Mr. Thomas Towle’s pen-name, “Tommy Dishclout,” and Dora Henrietta Havers’ equivalent, “Theo. Gift.” Examples have already been given of the use of only a part of the real name. Perhaps the most striking example is that of “Ouida,” or to give her full-dress name, Louisa de la Ramé. Her baby-sister was able to manage “Weeda” and no more, and so “Ouida” she became. Of the same nature, though less concealed, is the popular kail-yarder and American god, “Ian MacLaren.” “Ian” is the Gaelic form of plain John; “MacLaren” seems to have been the name of a favorite uncle; while the combination “Ian MacLaren” has a fine peaty flavor about it, suitable for one who sets out to describe the Logiealmond folk. Thus, doubtless, did the Rev. John Watson sink his identity, to find fame. Still more transparent examples are “F. Anstey” for F. Anstey Guthrie, and “Anthony Hope” for Anthony Hope Hawkins. “Ascott R. Hope” prefixed the fine-sounding “Ascott” and dropped his surname, he being in private life Mr. R. Hope Moncrieff. The American poet “Joaquin Miller” has kept his proper surname, but has not unwisely changed the preliminary *Cincinnatus H.* Another American writer manufactured her pseudonym in rather a neat way. Mary Abigail Dodge was born at the town of Hamilton, Mass., and tacking a syllable of her name on to her birthplace blossomed out as “Gail Hamilton.” And this mention of a town recalls the accidental origin of a well-known and esteemed name. Mr. James B. Brown, of Selkirk, wrote a book, “Bible Truths,” and modestly signed it as being by “J. B., Selkirk.” A London organ (the *Spectator*) in its notice of the work referred to the author as “J. B. Selkirk,” and by that name he has chosen to be

known ever since. Under this head it may be remarked that women writers who marry usually, and naturally, prefer to keep the maiden name under which success was won: e.g., Miss Mary Elizabeth Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell), Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Burnett Smith), Annie Thomas (Mrs. Cudlip), etc. But there are many instances to the contrary: Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Mulock), Mrs. J. H. Riddell (*née* Charlotte E. D. Cowan, but first known to literature as F. G. Trafford), etc.

III. The third and last broad principle in the choice of pseudonyms has its root in the desire of the author to find an *absolutely false name*, yet one having, perhaps, some connection, more or less remote, more or less fantastic, with self. The real name of the actual writer is completely tabooed; but the names of relatives may be laid under tribute in one form or another, or incidents in early life may be found suggestive, or characters in books may lend their signatures, or a feigned name may merely have a fine, attractive sound about it. That is to say, the name is obviously or confessedly fictitious, but still there is a *reason* for its choice. It is probable that this class includes the majority of pseudonyms, and it is evident that the motive guiding the author in his choice is more difficult of discovery here than anywhere else. For clearness it is better to make a few subdivisions.

(A) *Pseudonyms adapted from names of relatives.*

Every one knows Dickens’s early “Sketches by Boz.” Dickens had a brother whose pet name was Moses, and who, as the baby of the family, like “Ouida’s” sister, and like babies all the world over, mangled Moses into “Boz,” which Dickens adopted when he began to write. “Mrs. Alexander,” noted especially by her first novel, “The Woolling O’t,” adopted her husband’s Christian name, for in private life she is Mrs. Alexander Hector. Mortimer Collins borrowed for a great deal of his work the name of his wife’s grandfather, “Robert Turner Cotton.” Charlotte Brontë, in choosing a pseudonym, kept

her own initials, C. B. Her father's curate, whom she afterwards married, was named Arthur Bell Nicholls, and it is usually thought that his name gave the suggestion of "Bell," more especially as the initials were the same. "Currer" was adopted to conceal her sex. The first literary attempt of the sisters was a joint volume of poetry; and to be in keeping with Charlotte, Emily adopted the name "Ellis" and Anne the name "Acton," so that the title-page ran—"By Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell." These names they kept up in their novels, subsequently written. The genial, witty Frenchman, M. Paul Blouet, had a good reason for calling himself "Max O'Rell." From the nature of his first book, taken in connection with his then position as a teacher, he did not wish his own name to appear on the title page; so he discreetly borrowed his father's Christian name, Max, and his mother's maiden name, O'Rell, or O'Reilly, and the thing was done. A somewhat similar motive induced James Matthew Barrie to adopt "Gavin Ogilvy." As all the world knows now, Ogilvy was his mother's name, and his mother gave him all his Thrums stories. What better compliment could he pay her than put her name to them? "Gavin" is a favorite name with him, and was probably either a family name or one common among the old weavers. "Hesba Stretton," the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," and similar books, was born as Sarah Smith, and her pseudonym originated as follows: "Hesba" is made up of the initials of her brothers, her sisters and herself, viz., Harriet, Elizabeth, Sarah, Benjamin, Anne; while "Stretton" was suggested by Church Stretton in Salop, where they lived for some years.

(B) *Names suggested by circumstances in life, or by early associations.*

When Samuel Langhorne Clemens was casting about for a signature to some of his earliest newspaper sketches, he remembered his early days on a Mississippi steamer, and the leadsman shouting out the results of his soundings—"Mark twain;" and the quaint

form of expressing "Mark two" decided him to adopt that which he could never afterwards afford to drop. A very similar story is told of Charles Farrer Browne. In his youthful days he was much struck with the name of an early settler, Artemas Watt, and, never forgetting it, put it to some of his now well-known sketches in the changed form of "Artemus Ward." The brief-lived "Hugh Conway" was led to prefix that name to his famous "Called Back," from the fact that he spent several years of his boyhood on board the training-ship Conway. His real name was Frederick J. Fergus. The author of that rollicking book "Verdant Green" was the Rev. Edward Bradley, who was educated in Durham. The patron saints of that venerable cathedral city (Cuthbert and Bede) he irreverently appointed joint-authors of his volume—"Cuthbert Bede." When Charles Lamb began his brilliant series of essays in the newly started *London Magazine*, he "borrowed for a joke the name of a foreigner who had been fellow-clerk with him in the office." He continued the use of that name, and the collected essays were published in book form under that name—never-to-be-forgotten "Elia." A more personal reason explains why Alexander Anderson signs himself "Surface-man;" he was one when first he began to write poetry. And for a like excellent reason James Hogg was "The Ettrick Shepherd," and Hugh Miller "A Stonemason." More voluntary as to the fact, as is implied in the title, but equally good as to the reason, we have James Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual." We find it stated that the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL. D., of Ballachulish, "chose 'Nether Lochaber' as his signature simply because it was his humor." ("Modern Scottish Poets," v. 78.) But surely his residence in, and his love for, Lochaber guided his choice. The Hon. James Inglis, author of "Oor Ain Folk," was influenced by his long residence in New Zealand to adopt the name "Maori." And the recent death of the novelist "Tasma" reminds us that Madame Auguste Couvreur, *née* Charlotte Huy-

bers, meant her pen-name to stand for Tasmania, where, though born in England, she spent all her youth. Sir Theodore Martin found his *nom-de-plume* of "Bon Gaultier" in the prologue to the first book of "Rabelais;" and when Professor Aytoun joined him, they kept the signature for their joint work, the best-known part of which is the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." Under this subdivision it may not be inappropriate to mention the report that the Very Rev. Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, has been writing fiction under the name of "F. T. L. Hope." This is interpreted as "Faintly Trust (the) Larger Hope," and it is a plausible explanation when one recalls the dean's well-known attitude on the subject of eternal punishment and his (at the time) sensational volume of sermons, "Eternal Hope."

(C) *Signatures adopted to be in keeping with the nature or the purpose of the writing, or to be suggestive of that purpose.*

The most obvious modern instance of this is Mr. H. W. Lucy's account of Parliamentary doings in *Punch* under the name of "Toby, M. P." Toby, of course, is the dog in the *Punch* and *Judy* show. So when W. D. Latta began his popular Scotch sketches in his *Journal*, dealing with incidents in the life of a tailor, he chose the appropriate signature of "Tammias Bodkin," a name that had been already invented by "Delta" in his inimitable "Mansie Waugh." The quasi-philosophical nature of Dr. Robert Macnish's writings induced him to adopt in *Blackwood* and elsewhere the title "A Modern Pythagorean;" and to go outside literature for a moment, Mr. Martin Anderson displays the purpose of his sketches by the title "Cynicus." The late Charles Bradlaugh described himself frequently, with appropriateness, as "Iconoclast;" and Mrs. E. Rentoul Esler, desiring to prove herself "a friend" to the readers of the *British Weekly*, chose the pseudonym "Amica." No doubt the nimble wit of Robert Barr (formerly joint-editor of the *Idler*) suggested the need of his readers to "look sharp"—hence "Luke Sharp," the name under which he wrote for a consider-

able time. A versatile Scottish journalist and minor writer is John Dougall Reid, whose self-chosen *sobriquet* of "Kaleidoscope" may be intended to refer to his varied powers as poet, essayist and story-teller. Or is there any fanciful reference to Tennyson's "Broken Lights?" A reference to the merely mechanical side of writing seems to be the design of the well-known "A. Crowquill," the *nom-de-plume* of Alfred Henry Forrester.

(D) *Names transferred from the character to the author.*

It is a very usual thing for popular creations to impart in return their names to their creators. In this country we have Professor John Wilson, known still better as "Christopher North," from his representative in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood*, and "Thomas Ingoldsby" is intimately known where his creator, the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, is an utter stranger. It is said that Mrs. Arthur (or Henrietta E. V.) Stannard, when casting about for a pseudonym, was advised by her publisher to adopt the name "John Strange Winter," which occurred in one of her first stories. And when we go to America, the case is even more striking. Who has not heard of "Sam Slick" or "Josh Billings?" And yet how few know the real names of their wise and witty creators! Thomas Chandler Haliburton, born in Nova Scotia, educated in London, first a judge in Nova Scotia and then an English M.P., established his literary reputation by "The Clockmaker," or "Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville," and all his other books of the same nature were signed "Sam Slick." "Josh Billings" was similarly a creation of Mr. Henry M. Shaw. "Hans Breitmann" is eagerly devoured where the works of Charles Godfrey Leland are unknown, or would, for the most part, be tabooed if they were known. The "Hans Breitmann Ballads," with their quaint dialect and bright humor, at once caught the fancy of the public, and Mr. Leland became himself "Hans Breitmann." The name of Washington Irving is, of course, perfectly well known;

but almost as well known—and always associated with his "History of New York"—is the fanciful "Diedrich Knickerbocker." It may be of interest to mention that when Irving first began to write he penned a number of sketches as from "Jonathan Old-style."

(E) *Names chosen for the mere sound.*

The first letter to Mrs. McLehose, in which Burns signs himself "Sylvander" and addresses her as "Clarinda," contains the suggestive words: "I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind." And the great army of writers still "like the idea" of names more or less "Arcadian:" for proof, examine the title-pages of still-born novels and, especially, volumes of minor poetry. But people whose novels are not still-born and whose poetry is poetry are not above the weaknesses of smaller fry; in any case they have always Burns on their side. "George Elliot" has not a particularly Arcadian sound about it, yet Marian Evans chose it because it could be uttered easily and naturally. "Hugh Halliburton" is distinctly Arcadian (a Scottish Arcady, as befits the man who wrote "Horace in Homespun"), and no doubt that explains why the poet and essayist of the Ochills, J. Logie Robertson, adopted it. Alliteration and a somewhat un-Arcadian leaning to social display induced the Baroness Nairne to write her first poems in *The Scottish Minstrel* under the pseudonym "Mrs. Bogan of Bogan," sometimes contracted to "B. B." Had "Arcadia" anything to do with (Rev.) Samuel Rutherford Crockett's choice of "Ford Bereton," when some years ago he published his slim volume of poems—"Dulce Cor?" And one wonders whether the initials F. B. were decided on because they happen to begin such a pair of words as First-Born—the best loved whether in books or in children. An insatiable desire to pun made Mr. Robert H. Newell appoint as editor of his papers "Orpheus C. Kerr," i.e., office seeker! And there is a fine *smart detective* flavor about "Dick Donovan" that explains why Mr. J. E. Muddock adopts it when he hunts criminals.

Such, then, are some of the principles

according to which writers seek to sink their identity while they aim at preserving an individuality in their own eyes and in the eyes of the public. A fair case has, I venture to think, been made out; and it could not fail to be strengthened by further research in this interesting by-path of literature. There are many known pseudonyms I have not mentioned. "Bill Nye" and "Bret Harte," despite their suspicious sound, are genuine—Edgar William Nye and Francis Bret Harte being the full names. Mr. Hepburn's "Gabriel Setoun" strikes one as being chosen for effect, and "M. E. Francis" has an obvious connection with Mrs. Francis Blundell. "Lewis Carroll," of imperishable nursery fame, cannot be doubted to have manufactured that name by some fantastic reasoning out of his every-day Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. "Sydney Grier," the rising and clever novelist, has likely some subtle connection with Miss Hilda Gregg—as she is called in private life. But why did Adelaide Anne Procter choose "Mary Berwick" more than any other name when she sent her first poetical efforts to Charles Dickens, and adopted a *nom-de-guerre* lest Dickens should feel constrained to accept the poems because of his friendship with her father, "Barry Cornwall?"

And why did Olive Schreiner take "Ralph Irons?" When Mrs. Mannington Caffyn wrote "A Yellow Aster," and signed it "Iota," did she mean it was a trifle? And does "Nunquam" imply that Mr. Robert Blatchford is *never* to give in? Or does it portend that he will *never* get what he wants? Why does Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll call himself "A Man of Kent" in one place, and "Claudius Clear" in another? What is the bond between Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo and "Edward Garrett?" Or between "Lucas Malet" and Mrs. Harrison? Or between Edward Robert Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and "Owen Meredith?" Is there aught beyond the initials to connect Miss Mary Glead Tuttiett with "Maxwell Gray?" Why does Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who enjoys the unique distinction of

being a poet in five languages, call herself "Carmen Sylva?" Why is Madame de Martel "Gyp?" Why is Mrs. Otto Booth Douglas "Rita?" Why is—?

"And who was the Man in the Iron Mask?"

HARRY SMITH.

From The Spectator.
THE CAT ABOUT TOWN.

A writer in the *Daily Mail* gives some notes from a forthcoming book to be entitled "The Cat and the City," purporting to give an approximate census of the London cats, and the estimate is four hundred thousand, of which half are "unattached," and live largely on refuse, "because London is the most wasteful city in the world." As London is also one of the cleanest cities in the world, it is very doubtful if the waste food comes much in the way of the unattached London cat, who, like other Metropolitan paupers, levies handsome contributions on kind-hearted people, whose doorsteps and areas it besets, and also catches numbers of pigeons, sparrows, rats and mice, the last three of which do live on London refuse, which the cat eats in the more convenient form of cold sparrow or mouse. Evidence quoted by the writer shows that this is so, for he states that in most parts of London the rats have been driven underground into the sewers by the warfare of the cats. He also holds that the latter are somewhat changing in character, are losing their dislike of water and wet, and prefer to be out in the rain. We rather doubt these conclusions, and believe that if the London cat differs at all from his country cousin, it is in selecting different hours for his sport and amusements. The country cat is more or less lively all day, and hunts regularly in the evening. The London cat is sleepy and quiet all day, because circumstances make him a very early riser, or, at any rate, prevent him having his morning sleep. The explana-

tion of the languor and ennui of the London cat is to be found in the fact that long before he appears at the breakfast-table with a jaded appetite and a general air of aloofness from the world and its pleasures, he has had a long morning's sport, often in delightful society, and then breakfasted comfortably in the kitchen. The scenes of these early morning hunts are various, and the hour during half the year is one before even the earliest of early risers are about. In winter the London cats often seek their sport under cover. In one district near a very large and famous brewery the sporting cats go regularly as soon as the brewery gates are open to hunt rats in the brewery "stores." This is capital fun, as there are hundreds of barrels, either stored or "working," with little patches of yeasty froth oozing from the bung-holes, and plenty of dropped corn and "grains" in the neighborhood to attract all the rats from elsewhere. Under and among these barrels they may be hunted with success for an hour or more. Besides the brewery rats, which are said to drink beer when they can get it, there are "temperance rats," which live by the river, and, so far as we know, only drink water. These form the grand objects of summer sport to all London cats in range of the Thames, from the docks in the east to Chiswick in the west, and all along the old muddy foreshore on the Surrey side, where no embankment intervenes to spoil sport. We have never heard of an instance of London cats catching fish by the river, probably because until very recently there have been no fish to catch. But the keenness of the cats for this riverside hunting by the tidal Thames is such that they often return covered and clotted with mud from the foreshore, where they have either fallen in from the wharves or have pursued a rat escaping across the leavings of the river ebb.

In summer mornings, from 4 A. M. to about 5, London ceases for the moment to belong to the world of men, and for the moment is given up to the sole enjoyment of the London birds and the

London cats. At this really bewitching hour, for the town is quite beautiful then, the cats may be seen, as at no other time, monarchs of all they survey—*rerum domini*, masters of the town. Then it may be seen that it is not for nothing that the race have for generations maintained their independence, and asserted their right to roam. For at that hour *all the dogs are shut up*; all the boys and grown-up people too are asleep. There is not even a milkman about, or an amalgamated engineer going to his before-breakfast work. The city is theirs. Their demeanor at this time is absolutely changed. They stroll about the streets and gardens with an air. They converse in the centre of highways. They walk with a certain feline *abandon* and momentary magnificence over gardens and squares. For the time they are not cats, but lions and tigers; or, to change the simile, they are no longer domestics, but gentlemen at large. Before sunrise one midsummer morning, the writer was watching the early birds by the side of the London river, and wondering at the abundance and variety of life in the silver-grey light of the dawn. A pair of water-hens were running on the mud left by the ebb, sedge-warblers singing, as they had done all night, and a pair of turtle-doves flew down to drink before sunrise. When the first beams of the sun sent long shafts of light down the river, the sedge-warblers were instantly silent; and almost immediately the blackbirds and sparrows and starlings appeared upon the grass. At this moment another ornithologist appeared on the scene in the person of an elegant young female cat. She made great efforts to stalk the fat blackbirds and cock sparrows, flattening herself till her whole body seemed almost as level as a mat, yet capable of a rush forward whenever the birds looked in another direction. But the birds were perfectly equal to the game. One blackbird in particular sidled off each time the cat came within distance, until he sat at last on the edge of the wooden cam-shedding, where, if the cat made her spring, she must fall into the

river. He, too, flew off, and at this moment of disappointment another and an older cat leapt lightly from the privet hedge close by and playfully cuffed the head of the disappointed one. This cat had probably been waiting on the chance of a "drive" while the more impetuous one tried a stalk in the open. The latter seemed half inclined to resent the humorous turn which the older cat gave to her hunting; but the two soon made it up, and after strolling ostentatiously across the lawn with their tails up, separated, and the young one adjourned to hunt "ground-game" in the cam-shedding. The quarry were either mice or rats, but were attacked by storm, and not by waiting. The cat dived her paws into the cracks of the boards, reaching in as far as her shoulders, and soon bolted something, which she reached after head downwards so far that nothing but her tail and one hind-paw were visible. After hanging almost head downwards for some time, she scrambled back, just as the first cat came darting past like a wild animal with an enormous rat in its mouth.

It is doubtful whether the London cat is in the least degree more docile or *biddable* than his country cousin. He is more dependent on man, for no one ever hears of a London cat going off to live a wild life willingly, though country cats do this frequently. It has been observed of the whole race, at least in this country, that though they will often obey the order "Come," they absolutely refuse to entertain the command "Go;" and as most useful service involves this as the initial idea, the animal which refuses obedience to it is practically useless except as a volunteer. The admirable sporting qualities, even of the London cat, should make him a most useful and amusing aid in sport, if he could be induced to co-operate with his owner. There is only one piece of evidence that in ancient times the cat was so trained—an Egyptian painting showing a cat bringing wild-fowl to its master from a papyrus bed—and very few instances are on record even of its being trained to retrieve in our day. A visitor to one of the

monasteries on Mount Carmel states that when several of the monks went out, gun on shoulder, to shoot game for the pot, he saw their cats marching out after them, to aid as retrievers; but he did not witness the sport. There is no doubt that cats can be trained to follow, like dogs. A working man in the North Midlands recently owned a small cat which followed him all day, and when tired was carried in a large pocket in its master's coat. So also a navy many years ago owned a cat which had followed or accompanied him to work in most parts of north and western England, sometimes following him on foot and sometimes carried in the white washable bag in which navies keep their Sunday clothes. But as a rule it is much easier to teach them *not* to do things than to do them. Recently in a large London engineering works there was some regret that the "best foundry cat" was dead. The sand used for making casts in the foundry is mixed with flour. Mice come to eat the flour, and spoil the "moulds." It is not desirable that rats and mice should be about in this loft, so cats are kept there. The cats have to be taught not to walk about on the moulds or scratch them up, and this "best foundry cat" was absolutely perfect in this respect. In these works most departments have a special cat. There is even one in the galvanizing shop, which knows quite well that the hot metal splirts when plates are dipped in, and has learnt to get under cover at that juncture. It need scarcely be said that the London cat is a worse enemy to caged birds even than the country pussy, as in the day-time it lives more indoors. Whether it ever catches goldfish out of a bowl we do not know, but there are no complaints of its robbing fishmongers' shops to gratify its taste in that line. On the whole, we imagine that the cat is happy in London, far happier, for instance, than the dog. Even if lost, he has far more *savoir faire* than the latter. The stray dog attaches himself to some one in the street, who has at once the uncomfort-

able feeling that the dog is trying to make out that he has stolen him. The lost cat comes to a house, and asks relief where it can most readily be given.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE FUTURE OF MANCHURIA.

Away on the extremely opposite end to ours of the great Eurasian continent is a country to which only too little attention has as yet been paid, and which, on account of its wealth, its favorable natural position, and the intelligence of its inhabitants, will attract to itself a yearly-increasing notice from Europe, and play no insignificant part in the history of the next few decades. The recent march of events has shown two rising powers pressing round Manchuria, and threatening to contest its possession with the seemingly dormant Chinese. And here in distant India short scraps of stirring news from the rich and promising country which, with Mr. James, I had explored a dozen years ago bring forward in flashes of startling clearness the changes which that short interval of time have brought about.

First came the astonishing intelligence that the Japanese had occupied Port Arthur, the principal harbor in the country, and afterwards established their control over all the southern coast of the province. Then the Japanese had withdrawn to one small point upon the coast, and the Russians were next heard of. The former had gained a temporary footing in Manchuria by the arts of war; the Russians had gained a permanent footing in the country by the devices of diplomacy. That which the country most needed—a railway—was to be constructed from Russian territory by Russians and with Russian money. Kirin, the central point of Manchuria, which, when Messrs. James, Fulford and I visited it in 1886, was almost unknown to Europeans, was in

1897 the headquarters of thirty Russian officers of the railway staff. And lastly comes the news that Port Arthur, the principal harbor in the country, is to be used by the Russians as a winter port for their fleet; and that Russian officers are to be used for the instruction of the Chinese army.

If Manchuria were such a wretchedly poor country as, for instance, Khiva, Merv and Turkestan, and others which have fallen to the lot of the Russians, comparatively little attention need be paid to the progress of events in that distant quarter of the world. It would matter but little to other European nations whether the Russian or the Japanese did or did not take the country. But Manchuria is no such desert country. It is, on the contrary, a country of exceeding richness, and of promise scarcely less than that of the Transvaal itself, and compared to which the whole of Central Africa, from Uganda to Khartoum, is of paltry insignificance. Its soil is not barren, but of surpassing fertility. Its inhabitants are not listless semi-nomads, nor fanatical barbarians, but the most industrious agriculturists in the world. And they do not number a few hundreds of thousands, but a score of millions.

Whether, therefore, this country remains practically closed to European enterprise, as at present, or partially opened, as it might be expected to become under Russian or Japanese control, or fully open, as most European nations would hope for, is a matter of interest to all who realize the importance to their country of acquiring a footing in those markets of the world which offer the best promise for the future.

I propose, then, in the first place, to establish the physical advantages, not omitting to mention the corresponding disadvantages, which the country affords. I will then shortly describe the leading characteristics of the inhabitants, and show how these physical surroundings, together with the pressure of neighboring peoples, have

affected their welfare and tended towards their advancement. I will, with these data upon which to found my calculations, estimate the probability of the country maintaining its integrity; and, lastly, will attempt a forecast of its future development.

The climate of Manchuria has often been compared to that of Eastern Canada, which lies at approximately the same latitude. Situated, like the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, at the extremity of a continent, and exposed to those great changes of temperature caused by the action of the sun's rays on vast expanses of land, and unmodified by any alleviating breaths of wind wafted from temperate ocean currents, the climate of Manchuria is one of extremes, ranging in the northern districts from 40° to 45° below zero Fahrenheit in the winter to 90° F. in the summer, and in the southern part from 15° to 20° below zero F. in the winter to 95° to 100° F. in the summer. Yet the cold is dry and clear, and the summer heat not oppressive. The rainfall is plentiful but not too abundant. In the winter the country is covered deep in snow, and in the summer rain falls in sufficient quantity to mature the crops. I will not delay here to point out the effects of such a climate upon the physique and temperament of the inhabitants, or upon the natural productions of the soil, but I will pass on to rapidly delineate the leading features in the configuration of the country.

And first I would draw attention to the favorable juxtaposition of land and water. The Russians have already in 1860 lopped off that part of Manchuria which had a coast line on the north, and the ports of Vladivostok and Posset Bay legitimately belong to Manchuria. But besides this, Manchuria still possesses a coast line on the south not less than 600 miles in length, and including ports such as Newchwang, Port Arthur and Ta-lien-hoang Bay, of which the two latter are open all the year round. And the country is still further favored by possessing large navigable rivers

running far into the heart of the land, as well as along its northern boundary. The greater part is hilly, and in one case these hills reach the height of eight thousand feet above sea-level; but for the most part they do not attain a greater altitude than three or four thousand feet, and in the south and central portion there are vast fertile plains. The fertility of the soil in every part can, indeed, scarcely be equalled in any other part of the world.

With so rich a soil, protected as it is in winter from the severe cold by a deep blanketing of snow, and favored in summer alternately by gleams of life-producing sunshine and by showers of refreshing rain, one need not be astonished at seeing the magnificent forests of pine and oak and elm, and the marvellous crops of wheat, millet, barley, rice and hemp which are produced in every part of Manchuria. The timber alone in the vast virgin forests which clothe the hill-sides over thousands of square miles must be worth many millions; for this timber is of the most valuable kind, and besides the ordinary pines, which are common all over the world, and which, being fast-growing, are easily replaced when cut down, there are immense quantities of *hard* timber—of oak and elm and walnut—to replace which a century is required, and the quantity of which in the world is rapidly diminishing. Moreover, these forests are in hilly country, everywhere intersected with streams and rivers containing plenty of water, so that the timber may be easily floated down, first in separate logs and afterwards in rafts, to the sea. When I was in Delagoa Bay a short time ago an American timber merchant, who had imported to the Transvaal hundreds of thousands of tons of timber from so distant parts as British Columbia and Puget Sound, asked me if I knew of any place where there were forests of hard-wood timber still remaining. I naturally at once referred him to those great forests of Manchuria in which we had spent so many dreary weeks,

and I spoke of the view I had had from the summit of the Ever White Mountain, where I had looked down from a height of eight thousand feet upon unbroken forest extending away as far as the eye could reach in every direction. And I told my American friend how, from the slopes of that central mountain, there radiated three great rivers on which I had seen huge rafts of timber gliding noiselessly towards the sea. With political obstacles removed, Manchuria could compete with British Columbia in the timber trade of the world.

Manchuria is equally rich in its production of cereals, and, in the southern portion, of such crops as indigo and tobacco. The shortness of the season prevents two crops being raised, but the single harvest that is reaped is exceptionally heavy, and an autumn crop of vegetables is often produced on land planted earlier in the year. Beans are grown in immense quantities, and the oil extracted from them carried to the coast for export.

With ample pasture on the neighboring plains of Mongolia, and with an abundant supply of grain and fodder in the agricultural districts of Manchuria, it is possible for the people to raise and keep domestic animals in more than requisite numbers. Ponies, donkeys and mules, of a strong, hardy stamp, are freely obtainable for transport and agricultural purposes. I estimate that on a single day in the height of the traffic season I passed from three thousand to three thousand five hundred transport animals. The pack mules carry a load of three hundred pounds from twenty to twenty-five miles a day; and a light travelling cart, carrying a load of one thousand three hundred pounds, is drawn by three mules at the rate of thirty miles a day. Oxen are plentiful. Sheep are reared in vast numbers. Pigs and fowls as big as English fowls are found in every farm-yard.

Again, the mineral resources are such as furnish adequate hope that by these

also its development may be not less furthered than by its magnificent vegetable and animal productions. Until mining on some considerable scale is actually commenced, estimates of the mineral wealth must necessarily be hazardous and vague; but this much may be said with certainty, that gold, copper, iron and coal are found in several separate districts of the country. In one place we found gold, silver, coal and iron within a few miles of one another. There was scarcely a part which we visited where we did not hear of gold; and we found coal obtained from the neighborhood exclusively used in the native arsenal at Kirin. That little has so far been heard of the mineral production of Manchuria is due to the fact that the Chinese government absolutely prohibits mining by private individuals.

Such being the climate, the nature of the country, its soil and productions, the inhabitants, as might be expected, are a strong, hardy, vigorous race, and from the glens of Manchuria have issued three successive waves of conquest which have overrun the whole of China. The numbers of the original inhabitants have been augmented by streams of immigrants from China proper, and these, though slightly less robust than the original Manchus, are yet of good and sound physique. They are the very reverse of impulsive—cool, calculating, provident and so economical that not even the manure from off the roads is allowed to be wasted, and the heat of the fire required for cooking purposes is carefully utilized by means of flues to warm the whole house. Their industry is apparent in the care bestowed upon their fields. In the summer they work from dawn till sunset, with a brief interval for the mid-day meal, and in the winter they start hours before breakfast on their long carrying journeys. They are grave and little given to mirth; on the whole, law-abiding, amenable to control and to the restraints of social life; if not particularly warm in their devotion to their

children and to their parents, at any rate not absolutely callous; and though any active benevolence is not very apparent, there are, on the other hand, few symptoms of active malevolence. But the most important trait to notice is their strong conservatism. What was good enough for their fathers the present-day inhabitants think must be good enough for them.

They are intelligent and quick to grasp simple ideas, but superstitious and ignorant of natural causation; very lacking in imagination, with high powers of imitation, but no capacity for invention. They all dress alike, and in the same way in which they have dressed for centuries past; there is no difference between one house and another, and even their carts are all of the same pattern. The rigid fixity of ideas is a concomitant of their strong conservative proclivities.

They have, as a rule, little regard for truth, but in business matters once their word is given it may be relied on. Honesty is not a pronounced trait in their characters, nor are they remarkable for morality. And these defects must, therefore, be set against their striking industry and thrift.

Their religion seldom shows itself, and has little effect upon their practical conduct. It produces in them none of that fanaticism which impels other races of Asia to deeds of war, and it imposes upon the people of Manchuria few of those restrictions as to what they may or may not eat or do with which the people of India are so fettered. But, on the other hand, their superstitious beliefs, such as Feng-shui, often furnish impediments to progress, and their worship of ancestors increases their inherent conservatism.

With these characteristics of the people and of the country they live in before us, and bearing in mind the position of Manchuria, exposed to the pressure of the great Chinese empire on the south-west, of Corea on the east, and now of Russia on the north and of Japan by sea, we can form some esti-

mate of the stability of the State into which these people have formed themselves, and attempt a forecast of its future development.

Originally Manchuria extended far away to the mountain ranges on the northern side of the Amur, and, according to Chinese history, this country three thousand years ago was inhabited by a congeries of petty nomad clans of Tartars, remnants of which survive to this day in the tribes that live by hunting or fishing in the north. But while for a long time the denizens of the mountain valley remained independent of each other and of any outside authority, the dwellers in the rich plain country of the south, more liable to attack and therefore under greater compulsion to weld themselves together, formed a kingdom about 1100 B.C., which shortly afterwards became tributary to China. So it lasted till the Koreans overran the country, but in the seventh century A.D. the Chinese had again established their authority in this kingdom formed in the southern plain country. But meanwhile the tribes in the mountains on the north had been slowly constituting themselves into organized States, one of which, the Bohai, in the ninth century conquered not only the north but the whole of the south of Manchuria also, till it was in turn supplanted by another northern tribe, the Ketans, who succeeded in establishing themselves in Peking itself until they were overthrown by yet another northern tribe, the Nuchens, who founded the Chin dynasty and retained power till they were swept away by the Mongols in the thirteenth century. Whether the Mongols actually ruled Manchuria, or whether the country was independent, is uncertain, but the Ming dynasty of China, which followed the Mongols, held sway over the southern plains of Manchuria till, for the last time, a mountain tribe in the seventeenth century, first gaining control over the other hill-men and then over the settled plains, finally established its authority over the

whole of China and formed the present Manchu dynasty.

But even while the successes of this bold mountain tribe, which, issuing from its secluded glen, had conquered the whole of China, were at their height the shadow of the great power which now so imminently threatens the country was first appearing on the north. Russian explorers were finding their way down the Amur, armed parties followed, then trading centres were established, the portion of Manchuria north of the Amur was first absorbed, then the whole of the coast line on the north as far as Corea, and now we hear of the Russians showing signs of establishing themselves even in the south.

This slight sketch of the history of Manchuria will have served to show how the country has grown up; how the incessant warfare of tribe against tribe has resulted in its final consolidation; and how the repeated streams of invaders from the mountain valleys have constantly been met by a reflex flood of immigrants from the plains of China, till at the present day the whole of Manchuria, with the exception of those distant northern tracts which have been absorbed by Russia, is bound together under one ruler, and its population may be calculated at twenty millions.

Yet, as we have just seen, there are already signs of disintegration setting in, and we have to examine on the one hand the bonds which hold this mass together, and on the other the influences which tend towards its disruption.

Those who have been impressed by the difficulties encountered in Klondike in winter, and by the horrors of sledge journeys in Siberia, will perhaps imagine from my descriptions of the cold in Manchuria that communication must be entirely impeded by snow for half the year, and that government control and industrial development must be in consequence seriously hindered. Yet the truth is precisely the reverse.

The winter is the most favored season for traffic. Travelling in December and January, when the roads were frozen hard and the rivers and morasses bridged by ice, we met upon the roads fully ten times the amount of traffic we had seen in the summer months. It was in the winter that the huge guns for the forts upon the Russian frontier and the great masses of machinery for the arsenal at Kirin were transported on sledges to their destination. And it was in the winter that the sable-hunters in the remote mountain valleys brought their supplies up the course of the frozen rivers which traverse the forests. The heavy summer rains afford a greater impediment to communication, and consequent governmental control and commercial intercourse, but they are not so severe but what proper draining of marshes, bridging of rivers and metalling of roads might meet.

A greater obstacle than the climate to the due development and consolidation of the country is the mountainous character of a great part of it. In the plains, communication from part to part is easy, and each town is bound to the other by commercial ties and adequately held under the control of government. But the case is different in the hilly tracts which form the greater portion of Manchuria. These latter are difficult of access, and the result has been that they have given way to outside pressure, and all the northern part has been absorbed by Russia. Moreover, in that part which still remains to China, many valleys off the main lines of communication are practically independent of governmental control, and, as we found in our exploration, are really administered by local gulls. This hilly country is in no way to be compared with that which borders our north-west frontier in India, than which it is far more accessible in every way. But still it is sufficiently hilly to retard progress, and its inhabitants for a long time yet to come will be more independent of control and less developed industrially than those of the smaller

but more favored portion of plain country.

Yet, detrimental as the hilly character of so much of Manchuria is to its progress, this disadvantage is more than made up for by its possessing a coast line with good harbors, and by the navigable rivers which run along its borders and traverse the heart of the country. Far away in the north-eastern extremities I was able to buy pineapples from Singapore at a shilling a tin, and this was because I was close to the harbor of Poisset Bay, which, properly speaking, belongs to Manchuria. In the south are still more suitable harbors, and all the cotton cloth which is in universal wear is imported through these harbors from China and Europe; and by the same way are exported, both in European steamers and in native junks, the beans, bean cake and bean oil which at present form the principal surplus products, but which may in future be augmented by timber, coal and grain. By these southern ports, also, the over-populated districts of China discharge their masses of surplus population, who, swarming into the fertile northern country, enrich it by their labor and vastly increase its prosperity.

Similarly, with the great Amur river flowing for hundreds of miles along the northern border, and the Usuri on the north-east, on both of which steamers ply regularly, and with the mighty Sungari, issuing from the heart of the land, and even at Kirin, in the very centre, twenty feet deep; and with the Liao and Yalu, in the south, both navigable for many miles from their mouths, access is gained to the country, which even in the present has furthered its development and which must have a yet more favorable effect in the future.

The variety of the soil and its extraordinary fertility furnish yet other elements of development. Some countries can grow but few kinds of crops, and others are destitute of timber. But Manchuria has so many different crops

—millet, wheat, rice, beans, barley, etc. —as to be independent of the failure of any single one; and these crops are so abundant, and there is still so vast a quantity of culturable land available, that the country can support a greatly increased population. And besides the crops of indigo and hemp, which furnish dyes, ropes and paper, the magnificent forests supply an almost inexhaustible quantity of timber for the use of the people. Fuel for their fires, thatch for their houses and fences for their gardens they appeared to obtain mostly from the long stalks of the millet crops. But for the construction of their houses, and the manufacture of wagons, carts, boats, household utensils, etc., timber in plenty is always available, and the result of this sufficiency is seen in the roominess of the houses and the consequent comfort of the inhabitants, and in the number of carts which they possess for the carriage of produce to suitable markets.

This abundance of agricultural produce, moreover, makes it possible for even poor farms and small carriers to support a number of domestic animals, both for the supply of meat and still more for draught and farming purposes. The inhabitants need not live on vegetable productions alone. There is an abundance of vigor-producing meat available, and another inducement is thus afforded to the direct increase of population. And the number of transport animals at hand gives the people an additional facility for communication, one part with another, for conveying the produce of their fields to the most suitable markets, and for carrying to their homes the imported necessities and luxuries from outside countries. In yet another way, therefore, is the knitting together of the people advanced.

Still more conducive to progress than either its vegetable or animal production might have been its mineral wealth. But this, as I have shown, is almost untouched, and it is therefore only necessary to point out that the

gold might attract a still larger population than has already been attracted by agricultural advantages, and, of equal importance, might attract the capital so necessary for its development. And the coal and iron would furnish the people with means of progress of which they have at present scarcely dreamed.

But all this profusion of natural wealth would be useless were the people as ignorant and savage as the Zulus and Kaffirs of the Transvaal, who for centuries have possessed almost the richest country in the world, and yet to-day go about practically naked. Fortunately for Manchuria, its inhabitants are far in advance of such barbarians.

They are full of superstitious beliefs, which, when brought to bear upon conduct, as in their recent refusal to allow the proposed railway to run through Mukden, the capital, greatly impede progress. And their strong conservative feelings and rigid fixity of ideas, which not only prevent their introducing new methods on their own initiative, but even stand in the way of their freely adopting improvements which have been tried by others, may be thought to stamp them as a hopeless, backward race, as yet unfitted mentally to hold themselves together in large aggregates. And the absence of any strong common religious feeling may also be considered a serious want in the process of consolidation. But the inhabitants of Manchuria have many compensating characteristics which surely tend to development and to combine them together for mutual advantage. Among these may be noted their physical capacity for hard, continuous labor; their industry, thrift and cool-headedness; their intelligence and ability to perceive the advantages of commercial co-operation, and their reliability in business transactions.

All these traits help to combine the people on industrial lines. And, in spite of brigandage being so rife in parts where the brigands can find easy escape to the mountains and forests, the

people may certainly be called peace-loving and amenable to control, and consequently easily coerced for the purposes of government. Nor are they divided into rival religious sects, as the Mohammedans and Hindus of India, nor by differences of language, nor by race antagonisms. The Manchus are as much merged with the Chinese as the Scotch are with the English, and for all intents and purposes the twenty million inhabitants of Manchuria are one people and use one language. They have similarity of dress, of customs and of ideas; and though some call themselves Buddhists, others Confucianists, others again Taoists, and a few even Mohammedans, the religious sentiment is so weak in these cold, unemotional people that they may be said to have practically the same religion.

Thus Manchuria has been welded by war from a mass of independent nomad clans of uncivilized barbarians into a united State whose inhabitants, partly under the influence of the blinding pressure which these warlike operations have enforced, and partly under the influence of the more advanced peoples to the south, have acquired many of those cohesive traits of character which tend to permanently consolidate a State.

But is Manchuria yet strong enough to hold its own against the immense pressure now bearing upon it by the great civilized power on the North? Parts of the country have already gone. Is more to follow? Is the whole one day to be swallowed up by Russia? By a master stroke the Russians cut off all the ports on the north, so that the sea bases in that quarter are now in their hands and not in the hands of the Chinese. And now they are gaining a footing at Port Arthur, in the south. The great Siberian railway, which will immensely strengthen the Russian position in the far east, will soon be completed, and its extension into Manchuria appears to be in Russian hands. Russian drill instructors are, moreover, said to be engaged in training Chinese

troops. If the present tendency continues, the lower part of Manchuria will follow the upper portion, till the whole becomes a Russian province, and the southern ports, like the northern, become naval harbors for Russian fleets. Are the Chinese capable of arresting this tendency?

Unaided, I think it may be safely said they are not. The pressure is too great. The attractive force which draws the heavy northern mass downwards is too powerful, and the load-stone from which issues the attractive force lies in the extreme southern end of Manchuria—in Port Arthur—and therefore draws the mass across the entire length of the land. And combined and compact though the people are, they have not yet attained that degree of military combination and discipline which is required to resist such a power as Russia. They are not like the Boers, who at the first sign of danger rally, every single man of them, to the point of attack. They are sluggish and indifferent, and an invader would be well inside their country before they realized he was near. Again, their intense conservatism prevents their adopting with due efficiency those implements of modern warfare without which it would be impossible to stand against the Russians; and this same obstructive sentiment would similarly stand against their employing the system of tactics which the use of those implements necessitates. Want in the people of due military combination and of the needful adaptability to the conditions of the times makes it certain that they will by themselves be unable to arrest that tendency which is leading to the eventual absorption of Manchuria by Russia.

And that this absorption should come about it is not necessary to suppose that China should enter directly into conflict with Russia. It is much more likely that Russia will absorb bit by bit of Manchuria while China is in difficulties elsewhere. This has been her policy in the past, and she is not likely

to adopt any other in the future. But the ultimate result will be the same. Without foreign aid, China will be unable to arrest that progress of Russia which is now tending to the complete annexation of Manchuria.

But it is equally certain that, whether the Russian does or does not absorb Manchuria, the industrial development of the country must advance. The very pressure of a powerful rival has been favorable for commercial progress. As long ago as 1886 we found the Chinese rapidly constructing a telegraph line purely for strategic reasons. But this, once constructed, was immensely useful for business purposes also. And it is simply under the pressure of a possible enemy that railways will be constructed. With these advantages, in addition to the great natural advantage the country affords, a people of such physique, intelligence and business capacity must rapidly advance, and must further develop the wonderful resources of the country.

And this is the point of utmost importance to England. Here is a market as yet scarcely touched, but which will in the future yearly increase in value. For in Manchuria there is not only immense natural wealth, but, what is of equal—perhaps more—importance, an advanced and civilized people who do not need, like barbarians, to be educated to feel their wants, but have considerable wants already. They have not advanced sufficiently rapidly to compete with a great European power, but they must not therefore be thought to be altogether at a standstill. At Kirin they had established, without any European supervision whatever, an arsenal which turned out breechloading rifles and machine guns. Close on the southern border of Manchuria was a coal mine and a railway owned entirely by Chinamen. Many of the steamers which trade to Manchuria are owned by a Chinese firm. Throughout the country there are large trading and banking establishments, with branches at all the principal places. New towns

with well-built brick or masonry houses, good shops, and wide, open streets are springing up. And the forest is being cleared away and new tracts opened out with an energy their northern neighbors have not yet displayed. And if the military government of Manchuria is likely to pass into the hands of the Russians, its industrial development is no less likely to lie with the Chinese. The Russian soldier may oust the Chinese soldier. But the Russian peasant will not be able to compete with the Chinese peasant. And even the Russian business man will have a hard struggle to keep ahead of his Chinese rival.

Here, then, is a promising market for the sale of our cotton goods, implements, machinery and other requirements of an advanced and thriving community. This market is as yet scarcely touched, and we have to bear in mind that the population will not only increase both by immigration and by natural growth till at the end of another half-century there will probably be forty million inhabitants in Manchuria, but that this population, once the railways which strategical reasons have forced upon the country have been completed, will find their requirements doubling and redoubling in amount. What they want from us to-day is no standard of the vastly increased amount they will require from us to-morrow.

Into this market we have a treaty right to partially enter. We may trade from one port in the south, and our traders who wish to travel through the country may stay up to six months at any place. Furthermore, we have the treaty right to demand from the Chinese the same privileges as they may grant to any other nation. In spite of the proximity of Russia and Japan to Manchuria, we certainly obtained the lead in the trade with the country. A few years ago the only firms at Newchwang, the one treaty port, were English firms. The construction of the railway from the south

towards Manchuria was under the direction of an Englishman, the customs department was manned by Englishmen, and, of no slight importance in business matters, the telegraph system was conducted in English.

This lead which we have won it is all-important that we should maintain and develop. We have to look far into the future to the time when the rich portions of the earth have been partitioned off among the powers of Europe; and we have to contemplate the probability that those portions once absorbed will be irrevocably closed to us. Recognizing this, and recognizing the benefits which this country must obtain from having access to a market like Manchuria, it behooves us to rigidly maintain every inch of advantage we have won; to never omit to claim what privileges may be granted to other powers; and to take every single opportunity which offers itself of advancing our interests a step farther.

If the Russians acquire any advantages at Port Arthur we should claim similar advantages. If the Russians are granted special trading facilities in the north, we must demand similar facilities in the south by the opening of Ta-lien-hoang Bay as a treaty port; and if the Russians are granted any exclusive privileges in regard to the construction of railways on the one side, we must claim like privileges in regard to railway construction on the other.

For we are engaged in a keen struggle with the great civilized powers of the world, and have to press and maintain our rights or fall behind in the race. We may console ourselves with the reflection that this pressing of our rights to trade is causing no evil, but is, on the contrary, conferring a benefit upon those upon whom we press them, and that no people have the right, which the Chinese are assuming, to arrogate to their exclusive use so rich a portion of the earth's surface as Manchuria, by the due exploitation of which both they

and the rest of mankind would be benefited.

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A REPUTATION.

I.

It was at a little lonely shooting-box in the Forest of Rhynns that I first met Layden, sometime in the process of a wet August. The place belonged to his cousin, Urquhart, a strange man, well on in years, who divided his time between recondite sport and mild antiquities. We were a small party of men, held together by the shifty acquaintance of those who meet somewhere and somehow each autumn. By day we shot conscientiously over mossy hills, or fished in the many turbid waters; while of an evening there would be much tobacco and sporting talk, interspersed with the sleepy, indifferent joking of wearied men. We all knew the life well from long experience, and for the sake of a certain freshness and excitement were content to put up with monotonous fare and the companionship of bleak moorlands. It was a season of brown faces and rude health, when a man's clothes smelt of peat, and he recked not of letters accumulating in the nearest post-town.

To such sombre days Layden came like a phoenix among moor-fowl. I had arrived late, and my first sight of him was at dinner, where the usual listless talk was spurred almost to brilliance by his presence. He kept all the table laughing at his comical stories and quaint notes on men and things, shrewd, witty and well timed. But this welcome vivacity was not all, for he cunningly assumed the air of a wise man unbending, and his most random saying had the piquant hint of a great capacity. Nor was his talk without a certain body, for when by any chance one of his hearers touched upon some matter of technical knowledge, he was ready at a word for a well-informed discussion.

The meal ended, as it rarely did, in a full flow of conversation, and men rose with the feeling of having returned for the moment to some measure of culture.

The others came out one by one to the lawn above the river, while he went off with his host on some private business. George Winterham sat down beside me and blew solemn wreaths of smoke toward the sky. I asked him who the man was, and it is a sign of the impression made that George gave me his name without a request for further specification.

"That's a deuced clever chap," he said with emphasis, stroking a wearied leg.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Don't know—cousin of Urquhart's. Rising man, they say, and I don't wonder. I bet that fellow is at the top before he dies."

"Is he keen on shooting?" I asked, for it was the usual question.

Not much, George thought. You could never expect a man like that to be good in the same way as fools like himself; they had better things to think about. After all, what were grouse and salmon but vanities, and the killing of them futility? said Mr. Winterham by way of blaspheming his idols. "I was writing to my sister, Lady Clanroyden, you know," he went on, "and I mentioned that a chap of the name of Layden was coming. And here she writes to me to-day and can speak about nothing but the man. She says that the Cravens have taken him up, and that he is going to marry the rich Miss Clavering, and that the prime minister said to somebody that he would be dashed if this chap wasn't the best they had. Where the deuce did I leave Mabel's letter?" And George went indoors upon the quest.

Shortly after Layden came out, and soon we all sat watching the dusk gather over miles of spongy moor and vague tangled birch woods. It is hard for one who is clearly the sole representative of light amid barbarism to escape from a certain seeming of pedantry and a walk aloof and apart. I watched the man carefully, for he fascinated me, and if I had admired his

nimble wits at dinner, the more now did I admire his tact. By some cunning art he drove out all trace of superiority from his air; he was the ordinary good fellow, dull, weary like the rest, vastly relishing tobacco, and staring with vacant eyes to the evening.

The last day of my visit to the Forest I have some occasion to remember. It was marked by a display of weather which I, who am something of a connoisseur in the thing, have never seen approached in this land or elsewhere. The morning had been hazy and damp, with mist over the hill-tops and the air lifeless. But about midday a wind came out of the southwest which sent the vapor flying and left the tops bald and distant. We had been shooting over the Cauldshaw Head, and about five in the afternoon landed on a spur of the Little Muneraw above the tarn which they call the Loch o' the Threshes. Thence one sees a great prospect of wild country, with birch woods like smoke and sudden rifts which are the glens of streams. On this afternoon the air was cool and fine, the sky a level grey, the water like ink beneath dull-gleaming crags. But the bare details were but a hundredth part of the scene; for over all hung an air of silence, deep, calm, impenetrable—the quiet distilled of the endless moors, the grey heavens, the primeval desert. It was the incarnate mystery of life, for in that utter loneliness lay the tale of ages since the world's birth, the song of being and death as uttered by wild living things since the rocks had form. The sight had the glamour of a witch's chant; it cried aloud for recognition, driving from the heart all other loves and fervors, and touching the savage elemental springs of desire.

We sat in scattered places on the hillside, all gazing our fill of the wild prospect—even the keepers, to whom it was a matter of daily repetition. None spoke, for none had the gift of words; only in each mind was the same dumb and unattainable longing. Then Layden began to talk, and we listened. In another it would have been mere impertinence, for another would have

prated and fallen into easy rhetoric; but this man had the art of speech, and his words were few and chosen. In a second he was done, but all had heard and were satisfied; for he had told the old tale of the tent by the running water and the twin candle-stars in heaven, of morning and evening under the sky, and the whole lust of the gypsy life. Every man there had seen a thousand-fold more of the very thing he spoke of, had gone to the heart of savagery, pioneering in the Himalayas, shooting in the Rocky Mountains, or bearing the heat of tropical sport. And yet this slim townsman, who could not shoot straight, to whom Scots hills were a revelation of the immense, and who was in his proper element on a London pavement—this man could read the sentiment so that every hearer's heart went out to answer.

As we went home I saw by his white face that he was overtired, and he questioned me irritably about the forwarding of letters. So there and then I prayed Heaven for the gift of speech, which makes a careless spectator the interpreter of voiceless passion.

II.

Three years later I found myself in England, a bronzed barbarian fresh from wild life in north Finland, and glad of a change to the pleasant domesticity of home. It was early spring, and I drifted to my cousin's house of Heston after the aimless fashion of the returned wanderer. Heston is a pleasant place to stay in at all times, but pleasantest in spring, for it stands on the last ridge of a Devon moor, whence rolls a wide land of wood and meadow to a faint blue line of sea. The hedgerows were already bursting into leaf, and brimming waters slipped through fresh green grasses. All things were fragrant of homeland and the peace of centuries.

At Heston I met my excellent friend Wratlaw, a crabbed, cynical, hard-working and sore-battered man, whose excursions in high politics had not soothed his temper. His whole life was a perpetual effort to make himself un-

derstood, and as he had started with somewhat difficult theories, his recognition had been slow. But it was sure; men respected him sincerely if from afar; in his own line he was pre-eminent, and gradually he was drawing to himself the work in a great office of State where difficulty was equally mated with honor.

"Well, you old madman," he cried, "where have you been lost all these months? We heard marvellous stories about you, and there was talk of a search-party. So you chose to kill the fatted calf here of all places. I should have gone elsewhere; it will be too much of a show this week."

"Who are coming?" I groaned resignedly.

"Lawerdale for one," he answered. I nodded; Lawerdale was a very great man in whom I had no manner of interest. "Then there are Rogerson, and Lady Afflint, and Charlie Erskine."

"Is that the lot?"

"Wait a moment. Oh, by Jove, I forgot; there's Layden coming—the great Layden."

"I once met a Layden; I wonder if it's the same man."

"Probably—cousin of Urquhart's."

"But he wasn't commonly called great then."

"You forget, you barbarian, that you've been in the wilderness for years. Reputations have come and gone in that time. Why, Layden is a name to conjure with among most people—Layden, the brilliant young thinker, orator and writer, the teacher of the future!" And Wratlaw laughed in his most sardonic fashion.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Oh, well enough in a way. He was a year below me at Oxford—used to talk in the Union a lot, and beat my head off for president. He was a hare-brained creature then, full of ideals and aboriginal conceit; a sort of shaggy Rousseau, who preached a new heaven and a new earth and was worshipped by a pack of school-boys. He did well in his way, got his First and some university prizes, but the St. Chad's people wouldn't have him at any price for their fellowship.

He told me it was but another sign of the gulf between the real and the ideal. I thought then that he was a frothy ass, but he has learned manners since—and tact. I suppose there is no doubt about his uncommon cleverness."

"Do you like him?"

Wratislaw laughed. "I don't know. You see, he and I belong to different shops, and we haven't a sentiment in common. He would call me dull; I might be tempted to call him windy. It is all a matter of taste." And he shrugged his broad shoulders and went in to dress.

At dinner I watched the distinguished visitor with interest. That he was very much of a celebrity was obvious at once. He it was to whom the unaccountable pauses in talk were left, and something in his carefully modulated voice, his neatness, his air of entire impregnability, gave him a fascination felt even by so unemotional a man as I. He differed with Lawerdale on a political question, and his attitude of mingled deference and certainty was as engaging to witness as it must have been irritating to encounter. But the event of the meal was his treatment of Lady Afflint, a lady (it is only too well known) who is the hidden reef on which so many a brilliant talker shipwrecks. Her questions give a fatal chance for an easy and unpleasing smartness; she leads her unhappy companion into a morass of "shop" from which there is no escape, and, worst of all, she has the shrewdness to ask those questions which can only be met by a long explanation, and which leave their nervous and short-winded victim the centre of a confusing silence. I have no hesitation in calling Layden's treatment of this estimable woman a miracle of art. Her own devices were returned upon her, until we had the extraordinary experience of seeing Lady Afflint reduced to an aggrieved peace.

But the man's appearance surprised me. There was nothing of the flush of enthusiasm, the ready delight in his own powers, which are supposed to mark the popular idol. His glance seemed wandering and vacant, his face

drawn and lined with worry, and his whole figure had the look of a man prematurely aging. Rogerson, that eminent lawyer, remarked on the fact in his vigorous style. "Layden has chosen a damned hard profession. I never cared much for the fellow, but I admit he can work. Why, add my work to that of a first-rate journalist, and you have an idea of what the man gets through every day of his life. And then think of the amount he does merely for show, the magazine articles, the lecturing, the occasional political speaking. All that has got to be kept up as well as his reputation in society. It would kill me in a week, and, mark my words, he can't live long at that pitch."

I saw him no more that night, but every paper I picked up was full of him. It was "Mr. Layden Interviewed" here, and "Arnold Layden, an Appreciation" there, together with paragraphs innumerable, and the inscrutable allusions in his own particular journal. The thing disgusted me, and yet the remembrance of that worn-out face held me from condemning him. I am one whose interest is very little in the minute problems of human conduct, finding enough to attract me in the breathing, living world. But here was something which demanded recognition, and in my own incapable way I drew his character.

I saw little of him during that week at Heston, for he was eternally in the train of some woman or other, when he was not in the library turning out his tale of bricks. With amazing industry he contrived to pass a considerable portion of each day in serious labor, and then turned with weary eyes to the frivolity in which he was currently supposed to delight. We were the barest acquaintances, a brief nod, a chance good-morning, being the limits of our intimacy; indeed, it was a common saying that Layden had a vast acquaintance, but scarcely a friend.

But on the Sunday I happened to be sitting with Wratislaw on an abrupt furze-clad knoll which looks over the park to meadow and sea. We had fallen to serious talking, or the random

moralizing which does duty for such among most of us. Wratishlaw in his usually jerky fashion was commenting on the bundle of perplexities which made up his life, when to us there entered a third in the person of Layden himself. He had a languid gait, partly assumed, no doubt, for purposes of distinction, but partly the result of an almost incessant physical weariness. But to-day there seemed to be something more in his manner. His whole face was listless and dreary; his eyes seemed blank as a stone wall.

As I said before, I scarcely knew him, but he and Wratishlaw were old acquaintances. At any rate he now ignored me wholly, and flinging himself on the ground by my companion's side, leaned forward, burying his face in his hands.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, old man, I am a hopeless wreck," he groaned.

"You are overworking, my dear fellow," said Wratishlaw; "you should hold back a little."

Layden turned a vacant face towards the speaker. "Do you think that is all?" he said. "Why, work never killed a soul. I could work night and day if I were sure of my standing-ground."

Wratishlaw looked at him long and solemnly. Then he took out a pipe and lit it. "You'd better smoke," he said. "I get these fits of the blues sometimes myself, and they go off as suddenly as they come. But I thought you were beyond that sort of thing."

"Beyond it!" Layden cried. "If I had had them years ago it might have saved me. When the devil has designs on a man, be sure that the first thing he does is to make him contented with himself."

I saw Wratishlaw's eyebrows go up. This was strange talk to hear from one of Layden's life. "I would give the world to be in your place. You have chosen solid work, and you have left yourself leisure to live. And I—oh, I am a sort of ineffectual busy person, running about on my little errands and missing everything." Wratishlaw

winned; he disliked all mention of himself, but he detested praise. "It's many years since I left Oxford, I don't remember how long, and all this time I have been doing nothing. Who is it talks about being 'idly busy'? And people have praised me and fooled me till I believed I was living my life decently. It isn't as if I had been slack. My God, I have worked like a nigger, and my reward is wind and smoke! Did you ever have the feeling, Tommy, as if you were without bearings and had to drift with your eyes aching for solid land?" The other shook his head slowly, and looked like a man in profound discomfort. "No, of course you never did, and why should you? You made up your mind at once what was worth having in the world and went straight for it. That was a man's part. But I thought a little dazzle of fame was the heavenly light. I liked to be talked about; I wanted the reputation of brilliance, so I utilized every scrap of talent I had and turned it all into show. Every little trivial thought was stored up and used on paper or in talk. I toiled terribly, if you like, but it was a foolish toil, for it left nothing for myself. And now I am bankrupt of ideas. My mind grows emptier year by year, and what little is left is spoiled by the same cursed need of ostentation. 'Every man should be lonely at heart;' whoever said that said something terribly true, and the words have been driving me mad for days. All the little that I have must be dragged out to the shop-window, and God knows the barrenness of that back-parlor I call my soul." I saw that Wratishlaw was looking very solemn, and that his pipe had gone out and had dropped on the ground. "And what is the result of it all?" Layden went on. "Oh, I cannot complain. It is nobody's fault but my own; but Lord, what a pretty mess it is," and he laughed miserably. "I cannot bear to be alone and face the naked ribs of my mind. A beautiful sight has no charms for me save to revive jaded conventional memories. I have lost all capacity for the plain, strong, simple things of life. Just as I am beginning to

realize their transcendent worth. I am growing wretchedly mediocre, and I shall go down month by month till I find my own degraded level. But thank God, I do not go with my eyes shut; I know myself for a fool, and for the fool there is no salvation."

Then Wratisslaw rose and stood above him. I had never seen him look so kindly at any one, and for a moment his rough, cynical face was transfigured into something like tenderness. He put his hand on the other's shoulder. "You are wrong, old man," he said; "you are not a fool. But if you had not come to believe yourself one, I should have had doubts of your wisdom. As it is, you will now go on to try the real thing, and then—we shall see."

III

The real thing—Heaven knows it is what we are all striving after with various degrees of incompetence. I looked forward to the transformation of the jaded man with an interest not purely of curiosity. His undoubted cleverness, and the habitual melancholy of his eyes, gave him a certain romantic aloofness from common life. Moreover, Wratisslaw had come to believe in him, and I trusted his judgment.

I saw no more of the man for weeks, hearing only that his health was wretched, and that he had gone for a long holiday to the South. His private income had always been considerable, and his work could very well wait; but his admirers were appalled by the sudden cessation of what had been a marvellous output. I was honestly glad to think of his leisure. I pictured him once more the master of himself, gathering his wits for more worthy toil, and getting rid of the foolish restlessness which had unnerved him. Then came a chance meeting at a railway-station, when he seemed to my hasty eyes more cheerful and well-looking; and then my wanderings began again, and London gossip, reputations and chatter about letters were left a thousand miles behind.

When I returned I had almost forgotten his name; but the air of one's own land is charged with memories, and the past rises on the mind by degrees till it recovers its former world. I found Wratisslaw looking older, grimmer and more irritable, ready to throw books at me for tantalizing him with glimpses of an impossible life. He walked me fiercely through Hyde Park full of abrupt questions as of old, and ever ready with his shrewd humorous comment. Then in my turn I fell to asking him of people and things, of the whole complication of civilized life from which I had been shut off for years. Some stray resemblance in a passing face struck me, and I asked about Layden.

Wratisslaw grunted savagely. "In a way I am grateful to the man for showing me that I am a fool."

"Then he has gone back to his old life?" I asked, not without anxiety.

"Listen to me," he said gruffly. "His health broke down, as you know, and he went abroad to recover it. He stopped work, dropped out of publicity, and I thought all was well. But the man cannot live without admiration; he must be hovering in its two-penny light like a moth round a candle. So he came back, and, well—there was a repetition of the parable of the seven devils. Only he has changed his line. Belles-lettres, society small-talk, everything of that kind has gone overboard. He is by way of being earnest now; he talks of having found a mission in life, and he preaches a new gospel about getting down to the truth of things. His trash has enormous influence; when he speaks the place is crowded, and I suppose he is in hopes of becoming a Force. He has transient fits of penitence, for he is clever enough to feel now and then that he is a fool, but I was wrong to think that he could ever change. Well, well, the band-playing for the ruck, but the end of the battle for the strong! He is a mere creature of phrases, and he has got hold of the particular word which pleases his generation. Do you remem-

ber our last talk with him at Heston? Well, read that bill."

He pointed to a large placard across the street. And there in flaming red and black type I read that on a cer-

tain day, under the auspices of a certain distinguished body, Mr. Arnold Layden would lecture on *The Real Thing*.

J. B.

English and American Railroads.—As was to be expected, there has been a good deal of friendly rivalry between American and English locomotive engineers in improving railways, and especially locomotive engines in regard to their power, speed and economical working. American engineers maintain that English locomotives, with their boilers mounted on and riveted to a rigid frame, are rendered unfit for any but the most perfectly constructed permanent way, such as is made in this country alone; that the system is not at all suitable for the rougher roads of new countries, and that it is "unyielding and hidebound," is their verdict. The American locomotive, on the other hand, is designed—they claim—to work on any railway, and is suitable for the cheaply made and rough lines constructed in new countries. In the matter of speed the American locomotives are the only rivals we have. According to published accounts, a speed of ninety miles, and even more, is frequently made in an hour. The English railways are universally acknowledged to be better constructed and better managed than any others in the world. At the same time they have cost from five to six times more than the American lines, and a large proportion of the difference has been expended in providing safety appliances of all kinds, with the result that during the last six years, and allowing for equal mileage run in the two countries, there has only been one passenger killed on English for four and a half on American railways. This, however, is largely due to the in-

fluence of the Board of Trade, which exercises great control over our railways, as well as many other industrial organizations where the comfort and safety of the public may be jeopardized. Meanwhile, under competition no doubt, railway companies are doing all in their power to make travelling more comfortable and secure, even for third-class passengers. Lavatory and corridor trains are being largely introduced. Warming the carriages by steam in winter, and lighting them by gas and the electric light at night, are a few of the improvements which have rendered railway travelling more comfortable—we might say more luxurious. —Chambers's Journal.

A Polyglot Religious Service.—One need not go outside the British Isles for curiosities in religious life. For instance, a Nonconformist place of worship—the Seamen's Bethel—at Douglas, Isle of Man, has just been the scene of probably an unprecedented form of religious service, four distinct languages being employed in different parts of the service. The lesson, or part of it, was given in Gaelic, a hymn sung in Manx, prayer offered in Welsh, and the sermon delivered in English—and with an Irish accent almost broad enough to count as a fifth language. On the previous Sunday the Lord's Prayer was given in Cornish—a language popularly supposed to have become extinct a century ago. The sermon preached is about to be printed in the Manx tongue for free distribution in the island.—Liverpool Courier.